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## Kipps' Sweetheart: Phyllis Calvert

In the film which London will see next week of H. G. Wells's famous Edwardian novel, Phyllis Calvert is cast as Ann Pornick, pretty daughter of a shopkeeper, who is Kipps' youthful sweetheart and, after his excursion into high society, his loving wife. This is Miss Calvert's biggest part since her success story on the screen began a year or so ago. She is lovely, auburn-haired and twenty-two years old, and has been chosen for six films in the last twelve months. She made her first speech as a public character at the Blackpool Opera House recently, when a pre-view of *Kipps* was given. Michael Redgrave is Kipps himself and Diana Wynyard is the society young lady he nearly marries. The film, which Maurice Ostrer produced and Carol Reed directed, opens at the Gaumont on Monday



# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## America's Grim Resolve

AT any day now we may hear of an incident on the high seas which has brought the United States into the war. Nobody knowing the spirit of the American Navy believes that the patrols, designed to ensure delivery of the war implements and supplies to Britain, will seek to avoid encounters with the enemy. The American administration has declared that it does not recognise Germany's attempted blockade and takes no cognizance of the areas proclaimed by Hitler to be combat zones. Hitler, for his part, has given due warning that he will sink American ships if they challenge his blockade. Sooner rather than later the clash is bound to come. It may even be that before these lines can appear the administration will have gone still further.

Nothing could have been more significant, for example, than the speech made last week by Mr. Stimson, the Secretary for War. Delivered immediately after a meeting of the Cabinet, it was a reasoned argument for throwing the United States Navy into the war now, alongside of the British Fleet, to avert the danger that first one and then the other might be eliminated by German piracy.

## State of Emergency

ONE of the most lucid and best informed of American commentators, reviewing the development of American action to aid Britain and her Allies, pointed out the other day what impressive strides had been made in the course of the past single month. He then referred several times to what would be the effect on various aspects of the war effort if the President felt compelled to declare the existence of a state of national emergency. One was left with the feeling that the commentator—Mr. Raymond Gram Swing—believed that before another month had passed that next forward stride would have been made.

Here not the slightest doubt is felt that American entry into the war at an early date would be of the utmost value to our effort. Within three months the volume of equipment coming to our armed forces, and perhaps most importantly to the R.A.F., would have risen by leaps and bounds. The stimulus to the morale of peoples in other countries now menaced by fresh German threats would also be great and valuable. Practical collaboration between the two fleets would immensely ease our own heavy burden. And to the outsider it seems obvious that once the Rubicon were crossed no more would be heard of the defeatists and isolationists who now are retarding the American contribution.

## General Sikorski's Part

PERHAPS the most useful aspect of the four weeks' tour of the United States and Canada from which General Sikorski returned last week was the impetus it gave to American war consciousness in the Middle West manufacturing areas. Milwaukee and Chicago have the largest German populations of all American cities. They are consequently among the strongholds of isolationism. But the great Polish-American population of the United States is mainly to be found in that belt of country from which the bulk of the Lend-Lease war equipment is beginning to flow.

The fact that Poland, first victim of the German sweep through Europe, has gained the unstinted respect of Britain, that thousands of her soldiers, sailors and airmen are still fighting at our side and knowledge of the ruthless butchery by which her people are being slowly exterminated by Hitler has aroused the deepest feelings among Polish Americans. They are not interested in any "isms," whether Communist, Nazi or Fascist, and they

are daily passing on their enthusiasm for the allied cause to their fellow workers in the American factories where they are employed.

When the Polish Premier, General Sikorski, arrived in Washington it had been his intention to stay only a few days in the United States. It was, I believe, in response to the personal suggestion of President Roosevelt that he visited a number of cities in the American manufacturing area and in each he received quite astonishing ovations. On the Prisoners' Field in Chicago he drew an audience of 75,000 people where only the previous day Colonel Lindbergh had been able to muster an audience of no more than 10,000. Yet the General speaks no English. From these few indications it emerges clearly that Britain can safely leave to Poland the task of conducting "propaganda" in the Middle West—a view strongly held, I am told, by Mr. Anthony Drexel Biddle, American Ambassador to Poland, Belgium, Norway and the Netherlands.

## Best-dressed Ambassador

MR. BIDDLE has been in London just over a month and has wasted no time in seeing for himself how this country carries on under front line war conditions. He received very remarkable tributes to the popularity of the United States among the mass of the British people, of whom he saw an important cross-cut in the course of visits to public air raid shelters and moving about the streets of London during some of the rougher recent nights. None of those people can have known that Britain owed a very personal debt to Mr. Biddle for the part played in safeguarding British interests in Bordeaux after our own Embassy had been forced to withdraw on the capitulation of France last year.

I suppose no ambassador has found himself suddenly left in possession of the keys to so many diplomatic chanceries as Mr. Biddle during that last hectic scramble to get away from Bordeaux before the Germans arrived. Thanks to a curious feature of German mentality he was able to carry out his function of searching offices and destroying documents accidentally left behind without interference. He was then accredited to the Polish Government in exile in France. Germany did not recognise the existence of a Polish Government and, consequently, could not recognise the existence of Mr. Biddle either. As an American they did not wish to interfere with him in any way—then! So they adopted the only course open to them and left him severely alone.

Nobody will question that, for the moment, Mr. Biddle is the best-dressed ambassador in London. But that distinction would be challenged if his friend and colleague, Mr. Andrew Kirke, were transferred to London. Of this there seems little likelihood at the present time. Mr. Kirke, after periods in Berlin and Moscow, has lately gone as American Ambassador to Egypt. He knows Mediterranean problems intimately, for he was many years in Rome where his delightful home was the regular meeting-place for all sorts of interesting people.

## Better News from Egypt

IN this war, ebbing and flowing so swiftly over great expanses of land and sea, surprises may come at any moment. The challenge to Egypt has been clear for all to see during the past few weeks. It seemed obvious



Mr. F. J. Leathers, P.C.

A new face came into the Governmental limelight when Mr. Frederick Leathers was made Minister of Shipping and Transport (Wartime Communications in future) and a Privy Councillor. He has been deputy-chairman and managing director of William Cory & Sons, a director of many companies mostly connected with coal operating, and also Adviser on Coal to the Ministry of Shipping. He is fifty-seven, began life as an office boy at five shillings a week, has worked furiously hard all his life, is married, and has two sons and a daughter, all married. Mr. Leathers will make his parliamentary debut in the House of Lords when the barony conferred on him on his appointment is gazetted.



*An Ambulance from Arizona*

Lady Louis Mountbatten, assisted by Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner in London, stepped out of the ambulance which she had presented to him in the name of the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps. This vehicle is the gift of the Masons of Arizona, and is for the use of the New Zealand forestry troops in Great Britain



*An Ambulance from Washington*

Loyal subjects and friends of the Netherlands in Washington have dispatched an ambulance to Britain which was handed over to Queen Wilhelmina on their behalf by Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle, who was accompanied by her husband, American Ambassador to Holland, and also to the Governments in London of Poland, Norway and Belgium

tha. Hitler had committed himself to making his next principal effort in that direction, and the story was sedulously spread by his ambassadors abroad that he was confident of his ability to clean up the Eastern Mediterranean and throw the British out of Egypt quickly and without difficulty.

To anybody who knows something of the supply problems with which the German forces in North Africa are faced all that sounds rather like whistling to keep up the courage. Apart from the fact that it is daily becoming hotter in the African desert—and that will soon mean very hot indeed—the Germans have sent considerable forces across the Mediterranean. Estimates vary greatly as to the total strength, but it can at least be said that they are of such a number as to require the constant employment of a large merchant fleet to ferry the supplies across from Italy. In addition a heavy strain is equally placed on the railways bringing the stuff to the Italian ports. Reports from neutral sources suggest that the railways are breaking down under this fresh burden.

Obviously all this is of indirect benefit to the Imperial and Allied Forces assembled and assembling for the defence of Egypt. So also is the arrival of that steady flow of supplies from the United States to the Red Sea, made possible by Mr. Roosevelt's decision announced a week or two ago.

#### **Homeward Bound**

ON his way back to Australia Mr. Menzies has talked to the statesmen of the United States and Canada. Before he left England he would have liked to arrange to visit Japan also. But it seems that no way could be found for effecting an introduction between the Australian Premier and the Japanese Ambassador. Perhaps Mr. Menzies has been more fortunate in Washington. He is not of the kind easily to be deterred from carrying out a plan on which he has set his mind.

The talk of an Imperial War Cabinet, or an early meeting of an Imperial Conference, to thrash out and lay down the lines of war policy, originated with Mr. Menzies and we

can be quite sure that he made his point with considerable force to Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, who is by no means anxious to come to Britain for any length of time or to participate in an Imperial Cabinet. I judge that Mr. Mackenzie King believes in devoting the bulk of his time and efforts to close collaboration with the United States.

During his visit to Britain Mr. Menzies lost his majority in the Australian Parliament. When he gets back he will certainly bend his efforts to establishing a more complete union of national opinion. This may take time and Australia may even prefer to unite under some other leader. Mr. Menzies, for all his great abilities, has no great personal following in the Commonwealth. Even should that be the outcome we may hope that Australia would not deny to herself, or the Allied cause as a whole, the services of so outstanding a representative.

#### **Government Changes**

AS the tension increases in various theatres Government changes are made in several countries. In Britain Lord Beaverbrook has relinquished the Ministry of Aircraft Production in favour of Colonel Moore-Brabazon, holder of No. 1 British air pilot's certificate. Lord Beaverbrook had tendered his resignation on several occasions during recent months but, until now, Mr. Churchill had not been ready to accept it. The new Minister is likely to command the approval and confidence both of Australia and the United States. Indeed, I think we may take it for granted that the new appointment was made only after full note had been taken of views expressed both by Mr. Menzies and the American staff missions now in this country.

In Spain, conscious of growing German pressure to compel open collaboration in Axis plans to seal the Mediterranean against Britain, General Franco has appointed a former head of the Falangist militia, Señor Valentin Galarza, to be Minister of the Interior. That post was held by Señor Suñer, General Franco's pro-Axis brother-in-law, before he became Foreign Minister in the

interval, and so far as I am aware, Señor Suñer has continued to exercise the principal control over the functions of the department. By thus having executive power both over foreign policy and the conduct of internal affairs Señor Suñer was in a very dominating position. His duties are now more precisely defined.

We may take it that the new military appointments also announced last week reflect the wishes and policy of the army leaders already in the Government. Hitherto their influence has been consistently exerted against any policy which might plunge the Iberian Peninsula into fresh fighting. We might therefore conclude that the position in Spain is rather more stable than it has appeared to be of late.

#### **Stalin Accepts Office**

ALTHOUGH for practical purposes the dictator of Russian policy, Stalin until now has preferred always to remain as Secretary-General of the Communist Party. Now, as the German menace to Russia becomes more clear, Molotoff relinquishes his post as Premier—Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars—and Stalin assumes that office.

Without intimate inner knowledge of what is going on behind the scenes in Moscow it is difficult to appraise the true significance of this change. Since Comrade Molotoff is to retain charge of foreign policy one might be justified in assuming that the importance of the new arrangement is internal rather than external.

But Stalin himself has a remarkable flair for foreign affairs although he has no first-hand knowledge of any foreign country. It is observable that he has taken an increasingly prominent part in negotiations with all visiting foreigners during the past year or two. In his new capacity as Premier he will certainly exercise no less influence over foreign policy.

Towards the end of February Molotoff's wife, together with Litvinoff, former Foreign Commissar, was expelled from membership of the Central Committee of the Communist Party on grounds, it was understood, of inability to carry out the allotted duties.



**"Hudson's Bay":** Paul Muni plays Pierre Radisson, a French-Canadian fur trapper in the seventeenth century, and John Sutton is Lord Edward Crewe, a young Englishman "exiled from London for his drunken pranks." They go beaver-trapping together and make a big haul of pelts



**A small army of Indian trappers work with Radisson and Crewe. When they get back to Montreal they find the French governor and his men waiting to confiscate their furs. They escape to England with the idea of finding backing for their venture and a company charter from the king**

## Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

### A Woman's Film

EVERY film critic knows before the curtains have been parted five minutes whether what he is about to see is a woman's film or a man's. The clue to the mystery is to be found in a Fable with which I have been favoured by Miss Daphne Lucille Barnett, better known perhaps as "Lucille," the one and only magicienne of the music-hall stage.

Once upon a time  
A young mother watched her man  
Gazing down at their first-born.  
Wonder, admiration, rapture,  
Incredulity, all were reflected  
In his face.  
She stole up and said tenderly :  
" Tell me your thoughts, dearest."  
He paused a second and said :  
" Damned if I can see how  
Any one can make that cot  
For three half-crowns  
And get a profit!"

This brings us to that old thing of Byron's which, brought up to date, means that a woman's film must be about love, whereas to have a good chance with a man a picture had better be about anything else—a row in an airplane factory, a spot of bother in a wind-jammer, a wrong decision in a heavy-weight boxing match.

SPEAKING as a man it seems to me that the films women like present the female of the species in an extravagantly unfavourable light, at one moment weak, vacillating and possessed of as many brains as a sofa-cushion, at another—hard, mulish and intellectually above themselves. And always they make the woman out to be a cheat, bent upon having her cake and eating it.

If these films were done with wit one wouldn't, still speaking as a male, be so infernally bored. Or even if they presented women more or less as they really are, since

after all, women constitute the greater half of film-goers and are therefore entitled to have a certain number of films which glamourise their sex-appeal. But do we ever get such films? No. The nearest approach to wit is

the wise-cracking of a Myrna Loy or a Rosalind Russell, while the picture which presents a sophisticated, well-bred view of feminine contrariety simply does not exist.

I HAVE just been reading Mr. Somerset Maugham's latest tale entitled *Up At The Villa*. This relates how a lady—presuming the word still means something—gives herself out of pure compassion to a starving fiddler who, on hearing that the gift is not to be repeated, shoots himself. With this on her mind Mr. Maugham's heroine, who by the way is twenty-six and a widow, has to decide whom she will marry—the future governor of Bengal or the philandering cad who helped her to get rid of the body. The scene is set in the most exotic part of Italy, thus



**"Boom Town":** amid a welter of oil—well-sinking, drilling, pumping, speculating, buying and selling, booms and slumps—four Hollywood stars play out a love drama. Claudette Colbert is the heroine who is loved by one tough oil-driller, Spencer Tracy (above), but marries another. "Boom Town" cost a million dollars to make, and its spectacular and melodramatic qualities are planned on the "terrific" scale. Jack Conway directed



In London, Crewe, Radisson and their partner "Gooseberry" (Laird Cregar) come to Court and tell their tale to Prince Rupert (Nigel Bruce), Nell Gwynn (Virginia Field) and King Charles II (Vincent Price). After a further series of adventures among the Indians, and a narrow escape from hanging by order of the king, they get their charter for the Hudson's Bay Company



Love interest is provided by Lord Edward Crewe (John Sutton) and his sweetheart Barbara (Gene Tierney). Director of "Hudson's Bay," which is pre-eminently a Paul Muni picture, is Irving Pichel. It is now at the Regal

permitting some ravishing views. The fiddler first encountered in a smart restaurant full of Italian counts, princesses, and other raffish ornaments of pre-war continental society. There is some high-powered motoring with the body in the back. The dialogue is terse and the villa itself is of marble. The whole thing is obviously cinematic—story, setting, handling.

But will any film-producer look at this? No. Whereas all film-directors will jump at a story about a little dancer who, slapping

the first fiddle in the first reel, spends the next fourteen in marrying her millionaire, being unjustly accused of misconduct, divorced, and ultimately reduced to the streets where she gives her last dollar to some wretch making the gutter still more miserable with something that sounds like Raff's Cavatina. But is it? No, it is the slow-movement from He-Who-Got-Slapped's own symphony, and the film ends with the usual triumph in Madison Square Garden, or wherever New York holds its symphony concerts, and the pair deciding

to re-make their lives in some heinously luxurious flat. For the concert was given by the impresario on whose account the heroine was unfairly divorced, and who by the production of the symphony atones for his indiscretion.

*Kitty Foyle* (Gaumont) is this kind of film.

It is all about a shop-girl who marries out of her class and then has not the wit or the resolution to make her man happy in the class to which, by some legal hocus-pocus, he is now forced to descend. She agrees to a divorce, semi-falls for a plodding physician, and we spend the next two hours watching her dither. Five years pass and Kitty's former husband, tiring of his socialite wife, now wants Kitty for a mistress. And Kitty just can't make up her mind. Shall she be off with the new lover or on with the old husband? To us, tending what a colleague would call our glazed eyes and furry ears, it seemed that a shop-assistant who can get sixty-seven dollars for a cut-glass bottle and an ounce of scent, would have the gumption in the course of a lustrum, to hook a man with looks, position and money. In the end, having led not only her ex-husband but everybody in the audience up the garden as far as the hedge, Kitty decides that the doctor will do. Mr. Maugham would, of course, have realised that he wouldn't do at all.

This film is made more annoying by being told in a series of cut-backs, so that if Kitty does not know where she is emotionally the spectator is continually puzzled as to where she is in time. Miss Rogers, in whom it centres, has a long and tedious part to play, and her performance does not rank with the one she gave in *Primrose Path*, for the good reason that it couldn't. The women, however, will besiege the box-office in swarms, though I should advise my male readers to take a night off and, having arranged an escort for their lady, repair with a crony to *City For Conquest*, a magnificently tough film about the hurly-burly of New York's underworld in which James Cagney, as a boxer, is at his very best. Is there a silly symphony in this film also? Forget it!



Clark Gable is the tough oil-driller whom Claudette falls for and marries, but after a year or too he gets interested in a beautiful oil-information spy, played by Hedy Lamarr (above). It takes a big bare-fisted fight with his partner (Spencer Tracy) and the loss of his oil fortune to bring him back to the woman he really loves. Gable himself started life in the Oklahoma oil fields and his father is still an oilman. "Boom Town" is now at the Empire

# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## "Black Vanities" (Victoria Palace)

FOR reasons which will appear, I shall have to be careful what I say about this show. I don't want to get Mr. George Black into trouble. But I can begin by letting myself go over the production. What a production!—so deliriously expensive that you wonder how Mr. Black dared to take the risk in blitz-time; so frantically sumptuous that you are heartily glad he did; so overwhelmingly effective that, on the afternoon of my visit, there wasn't a seat untenanted, an eye ungoggled, a flabber ungasted or a breath unheld.

For which achievement two artists are mainly responsible. The first of these is Mr. Robert Nesbitt, who knows more about lighting, and closing in, and fading up, and everything that goes to the composition of super-slick transformation scenes for adults than any other producer now producing musicals in this country. The second of these is Mr. Joseph Carl, a master of stage decor, who overflows with an invention that never swamps his taste, and who has both been given and has taken the chance of his artistically creative life. Spectacle is certainly not rationed at the Victoria Palace.

AFTER the spectacle, the stars. No amount of spectacle could dwarf Bud Flanagan, the most humanly inclusive comedian on the stage today, with a smile that stretches from hemisphere to hemisphere, a voice that makes refinement seem pitifully giggling, and eyes that are gentle and kind. His art is not various. Whether as a private, or a jockey, or a beachcomber, he remains much the same. But so does the Man in the Moon, whom he resembles, and whose lack of versatility has never yet drawn complaint.

Nor does Miss Frances Day ever dwindle into mere spectacular foreground, thanks in some measure to her crinolines, which, in this production, she rather preposterously wears with clop-heeled shoes. Once, as Panama Tatty, she actually acts, and actually acts very well indeed. Many times, of course, she sings her songlets, which she certainly does get across. But I was thankful I wasn't in the R.A.F. while she was singing "Silver Wings," which must be terribly embarrassing if you are one of the boys now enlisted in the service of hit-numbers.

Add to these Mr. Nauntton Wayne, commenting on

early films, and popping in some good dry jests; Miss Zoe Gail, always cropping up, and combining toughness with cutery; and Miss Patricia Leonard and Mr. Chesney Allen assisting to taste—and you have the mainstays of the company. All of whom combine as Mississippi Minstrels in a most effective medley of old American syncopated songs.

BUT what did I mean when I said that I shall have to be careful what I say in this criticism lest I should get Mr. George Black into trouble? Well, in my criticism of *Black Velvet*, published in THE BYSTANDER of November 29, 1939, I wrote: "The climax of Part One is the descent of the whole bevy" (of chorus-girls) "into the parterre, to engage in a rather constricted polka up and down the aisles with those members of the audience who have the courage of their predilections. 'That's all,' cries Vic Oliver at the end of it, 'what more can you expect for a shilling?' So, you will see, it is all very free and easy, though we haven't yet got as far as kissing."



Frances Day does the Downtown Strut with Chesney Allen (left) and Bud Flanagan in the "Mississippi Minstrels" number. (Photographs of "Black Minstrels" are on pages 246-7)

Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen



Zoe Gail (always in shorts) "drops a line" and also sings "Coal Black Mammy"

There is, it seems, many a prophetic word spoken in jest. In *Black Vanities* the chorus-girls invade the auditorium at the end of Part One again. Again the stallites dance with them. And this time, the dance concluded, the men go down on one knee, the chorus-girls sit on the knee they don't go down on, and the proceedings end with the kiss I most innocently put into Mr. Black's receptive mind. For I really had no idea he would carry matters that far.

WHAT we still haven't got as far as, I emphatically don't propose to say this time. That is where the necessity to be careful comes in. Kissing is enough. It is, in fact, in my estimation, a great deal too much. I protest, moreover, that, for the good name of the theatre, this should immediately be stopped. True, such kisses as I observed in my immediate neighbourhood were just self-conscious pecks. But even a self-conscious peck from a complete stranger who, incidentally, may be drunk, or even, for all the girls know, diseased, is humiliating and demoralising. Unsavoury words leap to the mind as possible synonyms for theatres and chorus girls if these are the lines on which the public is to be attracted to musical shows. I suggest that Equity should consider this new and undesirable development and, having formulated views, should proceed to express them.

# Private View Day at the Royal Academy

Some Snapshots of Visitors  
Coming and Going



*Air Commandant J. Trefusis Forbes*

Air Commandant J. Trefusis Forbes went to the Private View of the Royal Academy and saw her portrait on the line, painted by T. C. Dugdale, who has several portraits of important members of the R.A.F. personnel. Miss Trefusis Forbes, Director of the W.A.A.F., was head of the Women's Volunteer Reserve, which she organised in the last war



*Air Marshal Sir Arthur and Lady Barratt*

A portrait of the C-in-C. Army Co-operation Command, Air Marshal Sir Arthur S. Barratt, has been painted for the nation's war records by T. C. Dugdale. Lady Barratt, formerly Miss Norah Crew, and her husband were interested spectators, and spent some time going round the galleries



*A Family Group*

Miss Dorothy Dickson, her daughter, Miss Dorothy Hyson, and her son-in-law, Lieut. Robert Douglas, were photographed as they left Burlington House. Dorothy Hyson is now playing in "Under One Roof" at St. Martin's. Its author, Kim Peacock, is, like her husband, a naval officer. The latter joined the R.N.V.R., and is in the Fleet Air Arm



*Lord and Lady Hankey*

Two early arrivals at the Summer Exhibition were Lord and Lady Hankey. Lord Hankey, who serves on innumerable committees, became Chairman of the Engineering Advisory Council last month



*Lord and Lady Sempill*

Commander Lord Sempill came with his sculptress bride, the former Miss Cecilia Dunbar-Kilburn. He is in the Naval Air Service, and is an authority on flying



*Colonel and Mrs. Heseltine*

Colonel Guy Heseltine, Royal Artillery, arrived with his wife, well known as Anna Zinkeisen, the artist, who contributes "St. Mary's F.A.P. by Candlelight" to this year's Academy

# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Private View

GOOD old Burlington House is still on its feet, and busy housing the 173rd Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts.

Considering everything, the first Private View day was a busy stir of people, including the usual up-from-the-country ones. Two of the latter and myself disappointed each other at the beginning. I was panting up the stairs in search of celebrities, dressed rather regardless, and with a scarf round my head; rushing past them in hopes of more useful prey, heard one say: "But I always thought this was rather a smart affair!"

There were lots of artists about, sauntering nonchalantly past their own works, including Miss Flora Lion, who has three portraits. The one of Lady Anson is nice and fresh-looking. Mrs. James Gunn, wearing a large camellia, and Lady Alexander, in lots of colours, were worth seeing. Lord Bessborough looked preoccupied; Mrs. Ronald Cross wore nursing uniform. Sir George and Lady Franckenstein were together—she is always decorative. So is Miss Dorothy Hyson, who was with her husband, Robert Douglas. Rosa Lewis was looking for Sir Henry Lutyens, who was distinguishable by his frock coat, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger was there, full of jokes. Another artist about was C. W. R. Nevinson, and Miss Diana Witherby was with Mr. John Rothenstein.

## A Few Pictures

COLONEL W. MURRAY-THREIPLAND, D.S.O., Colonel of the Welsh Guards, wearing his overcoat and holding his smart hat in his lap like a pet, is nicely painted by Simon Elwes. There are lots of cabbages and bits of ploughed fields to excite the art-crazy, and several darling little tiny pictures low down in corners, including one of Jermyn Street. War doesn't seem much good as a subject, and Mr. Nevinson's night skies would be just as good, and more suspense-creating, by themselves, instead of pock-marked with planes. Henry Lamb's greeny-yellow French Airman is noticeable, and there are lots of laughs and pretty things, and good ones besides.

And, of course, the Augustus John Lord Athlone.

## Reception

THERE was a tea-time reception at the English-Speaking Union for Mr. and Mrs. Drexel Biddle. The young and charming-looking Ambassador wore a most intriguing shirt, with thin horizontal lines, like ruled notepaper. Mrs. Biddle was in black, with a high satin hat pierced by a big, double-ended pearl pin. Lord and Lady Willingdon, with the guests of honour, were receiving the many eager visitors.

After tea there were speeches by Lord Willingdon and the Ambassador, in which the friendly relations between the United States and this country were stressed. Mr. Biddle mentioned the rugged pioneers who had made America the virile young country she is: a country well able to complete any job she tackles.

Ambassadors and members of the Governments of the four countries to which Mr. Drexel Biddle is Ambassador—Poland, Belgium, Norway, and the Netherlands—attended, and there were lots of other distinguished guests, such as the Dowager Lady Swaythling.

## People About

THE Archduke Robert of Austria was someone out dancing at the Lansdowne the other day. Lady Mappin was there, too, also Mrs. Bickford, in an attractive full-sleeved red blouse and slim black skirt. Mick and Pip Bankier, Guardee twins, looked in. They had been at a dance in Windsor the night before, got up by Lady Mary Crichton, in aid of the Windsor Hospital. Apparently the best of the debs were there, including Miss Mary Churchill, and Miss Belinda Blew-Jones, seventeen-year-old cousin of Penelope Dudley-Ward and Mrs. Robert Laycock.

Lady Duff-Assheton-Smith was out lunching with Mrs. Scanlon, both looking nice without hats. Mrs. Towers-Clarke was shopping in Berkeley Street: her husband is a Colonel in the Coldstream. At one time they lived at Hatch, in Somerset—now she lives in London, and, like most of the people left here, likes it far too much to want to leave, in spite of everything.

## Weekly Party

MRS. DAVID DEAR's lovely Wednesday parties are a great joy; it is wonderful of her to keep up a regular weekly party, and much appreciated. Lady Lymington was at the last; amusing Mr. Charles Harding, now at the War Office; a delightful Air Force Aitken, nephew of Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Robert Bird, Mrs. Senior, Mr. Lethbridge, and lots more.

Baroness de Rutzen lives with Mrs. Dear; her brother, Sir John Philips, turned up. Also a pretty girl called Winterstein-Gillespie, and Lady Kemsley brought her daughter, Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys.

## Artist

MR. COWAN DOBSON is a very nice artist, with no tiresome affectations. He is living and working hard in Scotland at the moment, but came to London for the Academy and to inspect his London studio—bombed, alas! with the weather intruding through glassless windows to spoil the furniture.

His painting is very pleasing—one of his nicest pictures is of the young



Bassano

## Chairman of a Refugee Committee

The Hon. Mrs. Jack Crawshaw is chairman of the Anglo-American Committee for War Refugees in Great Britain, commonly known as the "Refugees of England" Committee. Her father, Lord Tyrrell of Avon, is president. Mrs. Crawshaw went to Paris at the beginning of the war to organise help for refugee Alsations, came home last summer, and since then has been working hard in London. Her Committee recently arranged the exhibition and sale in the U.S. of the five dolls presented by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, proceeds from which are being shared with the British War Relief Society.

Master of Carnegie, twelfth heir to the British throne. This attractive boy is painted wearing a kilt and holding a hoop, with a background of clouds, all nice and Period. Then there is a lovely big important Gold Coast chief, very dressed up, and the possessor of eighty wives and two hundred children. And some lovely ones of Mrs. Dobson—photographs of



## Hospital Event in Yorkshire

Lady Cayley, wife of Sir Kenelm, Cayley, Bt., of the Green, Brompton, Yorks., presented prizes recently to nurses of the Scarborough Hospital who had taken winning places in the annual examinations. The walking quartet here are the Matron, Miss Escolme, Lady Cayley, Miss Wharton, and Susan Cayley with the bouquet presented to her mother by the nurses.

all these pictures are contained in a handy little leather-bound book, in which the very first is of the Lord Mayor of London, on view in the present Academy Exhibition.

### West Country Wedding

A SATURDAY wedding in Devonshire was between Mr. Peter Kimber and Miss Audrey Drake, who is one of a family of good-looking girls, daughters of the Reverend Prebendary and Mrs. Mackworth Drake.

The Prebendary, who is himself very good-looking, is a great swimmer, and once, on the way to Evening Service at Appledore, saw a boy drowning in the river, jumped in, rescued him, continued to church, and took the service in soaking clothes with a dry surplice over them.

Margaret, the eldest daughter, was a great West Country beauty, who married Charles Fitzroy. She died, and her little son is the eventual heir to the Southampton family.

Saturday's bride, Audrey, has been ill in a nursing home, recovered only just in time for the wedding.

### Priory in Somerset

ONE of the many lovely old places in Somerset is Ditchat Priory, of which the newest part was built in thirteen hundred. It was once inhabited by an abbot and twenty monks, and belongs to the Lear family, who are descended from Edward III. There are some very good pictures, including one by Nicolet of the late General Lear's wife, who was Baroness Dorchester in her own right.

There is a monk's cell; an upstairs chapel, and some wonderful twelfth-century stained glass. The present tenant is Mrs. Hobday; her son was in the Guards.

### From Suffolk

LIKE so many Londoners, who have made their week-end retreats into permanent homes, Mrs. Leo Russell, whose mother-in-law, the Dowager Lady Amptill, is Lady-in-

Waiting to Queen Mary, is taking country life strenuously.

Having ordered a thousand day-old chicks, she was amused by rumours among the local inhabitants (no doubt bemused with evacuee stories) that a thousand day-old Czechs were on their way.

### Colonel Wedgwood

COLONEL WEDGWOOD, who is always busy, making himself heard in the House of Commons, writing books and letters, and so on, has just left for the States, where he will be meeting prominent Americans, writing letters about it, and collecting material for a new book, to be called *Atlantic Partnership*.

It seems strange for England to be more or less emptied of Americans, as it is at the moment, and one of the nice things after the war will be the return of their cheerful faces and voices, and of the smartness and beauty of their women.

### Unfashionable Fashion Stuff

CLOTHES are no longer a thing to glory in openly, what with national economy, and women's obligation to abandon frills for uniform, but with the persistence of spring in the Black Country they continue to crop up, and broken windows display nice things.

The Ward twin who married pretty Miss Winn was out buying shoes with his wife, she in a jaunty little hat, and blue fox fur all down the front of her short coat. In another department of the same shop, Lady Melchett was buying clothes for her young daughter—and there were as fancy belts and bits and pieces on sale for the young as for the grown-ups.

### Hocus Pocus

A HAPPY morning spent in the Times Book Club resulted, among other things, in a lovely fat book, reduced from five shillings to half-a-crown, about every form of hocus pocus—astrology, numerology, phrenology, palmistry, and so on and so on.



### A Wedding of Last Week

Captain the Hon. Robert Best, Royal Welch Fusiliers, elder son of Lord Wynford, and Miss Anne Daphne Mametz Minshull Ford, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. J. R. Minshull Ford, of Avening, Windlesham, Surrey, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride was given away by her brother, Captain F. C. Minshull Ford, owing to her father's illness.

Even crystal-gazing is, apparently, the kind of thing anyone can pick up, and use, as an alternative to film-gazing or whatever they are accustomed to. All that is needed, apparently, is the crystal and a bad light, and, presumably, a good imagination.

Might be a nice new game for people in shelters, where the light, anyway, would be right, and the public in the mood to be interested in goings-on elsewhere.



### Racing at Nottingham

The Hon. Lionel Montagu, Lord Swaythling's uncle, Mrs. Harold Huth and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg were at the Nottingham meeting. The King had his second success of the season when Merry Wanderer won the May Handicap by eight lengths and at 10 to 1. Mrs. Huth was Miss Bridget Nickols, and Mrs. Wagg is Colonel Jimmy Horlick's elder daughter.



### Flower Seller

Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, daughter of Colonel Charles Gordon Moore, who is Princess Beatrice's doctor, was out selling hospital flowers last Tuesday. She is librarian at the Fifth Canadian General Hospital.



### Hospitals Day in London

The Lawson-Johnston family had a depot at Claridge's for the combined hospitals flag day, for which pheasant-eye flowers were sold all over London. The Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston are ready to go out on their beats. Mrs. Pitman's husband is in the R.A.F. Her sister, youngest of Lord Luke's four daughters, is the deputy county organiser in Bedfordshire of the W.V.S.



### Young Marrieds

Supping at Monte Carlo, Fefe Ferri's New York night haunt, were Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Drexel III. She was the Hon. Noreen Stonor before her wedding in January, is Lord Camoys' younger daughter. Her sister, Nadine, married Captain Tom Pepys in Nairobi a month later



### Screen Faces

Dolores del Rio held Orson (Mars invasion) Welles' coat as they talked in the Monte Carlo lobby. He wrote, produced and acted in the film "Citizen Kane," which Mr. William Randolph Hearst says is a libel on himself



### Table for Two

Mrs. Sylvia Hawkes Ashley Fairbanks had supper at Fefe Ferri's Monte Carlo with Mr. Ossip A. Prinkoff. After a rough-and-tumble screen test, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, has decided against going into movies

## Letter From America

By Pamela Murray



### French Journalist

The famous Mme. Geneviève Tabouis, here at El Morocco, is writing, lecturing and broadcasting in the States



### French Dressmaker

Mme. Schiaparelli has had to go back to Paris to take care of her employees and workrooms. Before she left, her daughter Gogo was married to Robert L. Berenson



"Peasants in Front of a House," one of Antoine Lenain's greatest works, has been bought by the California Palace of the Legion of Honour, San Francisco. It was formerly in the Duke of Rutland's collection at Belvoir

### Soldier, Sailor, Tinker

WASHINGTON seems delighted with Major-General "Paddy" Beaumont-Nesbitt, the immensely tall new Military Attaché, whose exceptional looks are matched by rare intelligence, according to those in rapport in his Paris Embassy days.

Well-named General Drum, commanding the United States First Army, is also on the news-reels. Soon you may know his stocky figure and clean-shaven, sailorly face as well as the older generation knew Pershing's.

To their fiery regret, older retired U.S. Naval officers have not been recalled. I met one whom numerous sailor friends in the British Empire call "Zoggy." Having retired as the expert on aircraft-carriers, he was full of the illustrious action, and all it implied. Now a farmer in North Carolina, he keeps in close communication with another sea-dog, Admiral Carpenter, of Zeebrugge fame, both by post and by collecting firearms for the Admiral's Home Guards. Every tinker, poacher and honest man in "Zoggy's" county has given a weapon—greatly to the relief of the local policeman.

### Palm Beach Air Raid

MUCH as I admire the warm heart and versatile talents of our plump pal, Elsa Maxwell, her Rule Britannia Ball in Palm Beach was an error of taste. I see nothing funny in staging a mock air-raid, with blackout, roaring planes, bogus gunfire, a shower of leaflets, and, of course, sirens, which last alarmed the population more than somewhat, as the nearest note to the wail of our banshees is provided by the screech of their fire-engines. To do Elsa justice, it was not meant to be amusing; the idea was to frighten people into giving even more than they had intended, so perhaps the end justified the means.

Later on, more money was raised by auctioning an imaginary portrait of "the most beautiful woman in Palm Beach." Winston Guest, Archduke Franz Joseph, Ali Mackintosh, Charlie Munn and Woolworth Donahue helped this along by choosing a composite "ideal," having Mrs. John Moffat's back (this reporter would have chosen her hiplessness), Mrs. "Moana" Williams' clothes, the chin of "Fifi" Fell (whom Simon Elwes painted), Mrs. Eric Loder's shoulders, and so on. Well, it all helps British War Relief, and amused the remnant of "le monde qui s'amuse malgré le déluge."

### New York Activities

ADMIRAL SIR CYRIL FULLER and his wife have been staying at the Ritz-Carlton and keeping various charity dates, en route for Washington, where "Jimmy" Cromwell, husband of Doris Duke, is rather a pathetic figure, though his political career may not be blasted by divorce after all.



### Britons Appealing for Britain

Nigel Bruce and Gladys Cooper went to a gala in Hollywood in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, and he made a microphone appeal. Miss Cooper is in the Ginger Rogers' film "Kitty Foyle," now showing in London. Standing between her and Mr. Bruce here is Jimmy Vandervier, the announcer

Miss Christobel More-Molyneux, now Mrs. Ianfear Bardley Norrie, made many friends in New York en route from London to Palm Beach. A good linguist, she hopes to make herself useful in Washington, where Lady Maureen Noel is working.

The British Minister and Lady Campbell deserted the capital for New York, to grace the Plymouth Party at the Coq Rouge, where Sir Derwent Hall Caine and Mrs. "Kitty" Winn were among those listening to Lord Astor's cable of thanks, read by Mrs. Gerald Cave, whose husband is in Plymouth, Eng.

### Khaki at El Morocco

JOHN PERONA'S zebra-striped "banquettes" are occupied by various so-called playboys when on leave. Many of these gay young men were among the first to volunteer. John Astor Drayton, Winthrop Rockefeller, Gurnee Munn, Jr., Rodman de Heeren (another grandson of the late John Wanamaker) and Angier Biddle Duke have joined the First Philadelphia Cavalry, which dates back to the Revolution, and was only recently inducted into the U.S. Army.

"Dan" Topping, husband of Sonja Henie (now a U.S. citizen), has joined the Army, and his brother Henry, husband of Gloria Baker, the Navy. Incidentally, Gloria's half-brother, Alfred Vanderbilt, is rapidly becoming the biggest power in American racing.

El Morocco broke a precedent by allowing Mme. Sunde, wife of one of Norway's Cabinet Ministers, to give a dinner "for women only," in honour of the Crown Princess of Norway. Others that night were Admiral "Antarctic" Byrd, Lady Castlerosse, with her great friend Mrs. Flick Hoffman, Grace Moore in red (did you know that no one else may sing "Louise" in America, because the aged composer gave her a monopoly?), and Wendy Barrie.

Two relics of the French Riviera were Mrs. Beatrice Benjamin Pratt Gibson Cartwright McEvoy and little Prince Bishnu of Nepal. Another echo from the casinos is Erskine Gwynne, who only arrived from Paris in March. He had been too ill to travel before.

### Interesting Women

COMING from a very different Paris world, Mrs. Henry S. Downe, who has worked all winter in France, is now lecturing Red Cross units on what is being done there. She and her French maid are listened to with bated breath, above and below stairs, for they really saw the Germans; they know what Paris is like to-day; and, unlike most expatriate Americans, Mrs. Downe intends going back to carry on her welfare work, not merely to salvage her furnishings.

American-born Mme. "Petit-Parisien" Dupuy, who brought her three young de Polignac grandchildren over last June, is wonderfully gallant. Having lived "en prince" as the wife, and later the widow, of the newspaper millionaire, she now manages on her meagre American income. Her houses are "occupied," her family newspapers in German hands; her children scattered in France.

Rosita Forbes called on Mme. Dupuy in New York, on her way to her property in the Bahamas, and so did that beautiful surrealiste, intellectual, Comtesse "Nelly" de Vögué, who has gone back to France.

Another strange beauty, Tallulah, sends this message: "You're all heroes; I'm on the wagon till you win, and then I'm bringing *The Little Foxes* to London."



### "Oscar" Giver

Walter Wanger, who is president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, which gives the yearly awards known as "Oscars," was at the Gala with his wife, who is film actress Joan Bennett



### Gala Entry

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Topping were at the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund Gala in Hollywood. She's better known as film actress Sonja Henie. Her husband has now joined the U.S. Army



### Greeting

Stage star Edna Best was at an El Morocco table when screen star Rosalind Russell came over to talk. Miss Best's latest New York appearance was in the short-lived Molnar play which Gilbert Miller put on



### Gazing

Mary Pickford gazed at some of the crowds arriving and Samuel Goldwyn blinked at the flashlight as they arrived. They were at Hollywood's glittering R.A.F. Benevolent Fund Gala

Prince and Princess Alexander Hohenzollern were at El Morocco. She was Betty Schultz, and is the daughter of the late Theodore Schultz and Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle, wife of the American Ambassador in London to Poland, Belgium, Norway, the Netherlands

Mrs. John Taylor was at the Monte Carlo with Mr. Charles Hill, of Bristol, Eng. He went on from New York to Washington with an allied shipping commission. Mrs. Taylor has left New York and is now in Canada



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**H**ITHER and yon ride the Ministry of Agriculture's alguazils, slinging lazy, rebellious, or incapable farmers off the land. It is strange that this highly topical and dramatic subject has inspired no Academy picture this year.

One feels that a skilful artist could have found the Problem Picture of the Year in this stark little ceremony. The long level rays of the sinking sun slant athwart the humble farmhouse kitchen. A cluster of scared rustics, livestock and poultry huddle behind two tall, stern bowlerhatted Ministry dicks as they point inexorably to the open door. On a broken chair in the foreground sits the ejected hayseed, haggard, bowlerhatted and wild-eyed. By the hayseed's side stands a typical Harley Street specialist clutching a stethoscope, eyes averted. On the hayseed's knee sits a half-naked gipsy dancer from Budapest, her dark Romany eyes aflame with anger and surprise. If this didn't give the popeyed Academy public and the wayward Press something to worry over we'd be surprised.

You don't need surrealism to introduce a lot of fish and clock-wheels and bits of the Eiffel Tower into a theme like this; it's a plain academic painting asking a plain academic question. The passing of the Academy Problem Picture, which made painters and public alike use their noggins and filled columns of discussion in the Press, seems to us an unhealthy sign. It wasn't the answer to the problem which mattered, and least of all the answer to the problem why such things were ever painted. It's the intellectual exercise we miss.

## Escapology

**A** PEEVISH chap has just been asking Auntie Times whether the Government intends to do anything about "a considerable

number of young men of British birth," mainly militant ornaments of the Left Wing, who fled to America to escape conscription. Many other fusspots keep mumbling about this as well.

What all these critics do not or will not understand is that many of our refugee boys—as one of them, a poet by trade, explained quite recently in a long passionate letter to a friend, quoted in the Press—are striving to find a Formula for Life. This is difficult when you are inclined to be feverish, and leads seekers like (e.g.) D. H. Lawrence to tear all their clothes off and scream and slap dishevelled women and rush round and climb trees and sulk for hours, stung by gnats and perfectly frantic. Pity is not enough; or rather, there is not *enough* pity, and many a poor girl had a cup of warm weak tea chucked over her in Bloomsbury for not pitying one of these distracted ones sufficiently in the last war. Kicks in the pants do them no good, a chap tells us, nor do cutting the stay-laces and applying leeches. To Express One-self Utterly, to Sublimate the Essential Ego, to Lean on Life, to Find a Formula, you have to run a long way from all distractions, let alone the vulgar kind of war this one is.

We heard recently of one of these seekers who didn't get away in time and, after suffering a blood-test at the hands of the military, discovered one formula at least, which turned out to be  $H_2O$ .

## Dope

**O**UR wireless propaganda to Germany has touched a dizzy new "high," judging by that specimen quoted by the *Daily Mail* recently, which warned the Germans that the British Government have ordered 26 sharks from the Australian Government for use in the English Channel. No wonder this department operates in the coyest secrecy.

It may be of course that this shark idea is something devilish psychological and subtle, like the celebrated B.B.C. broadcast of the Boat Race to the Arabs some time ago. A chap who knows the Arab mind pointed out to us that German wireless was simultaneously wooing the Arabs with a lot of vulgar comic stories, such as the Arabs commonly



"Here is the American swing commentary by Mr. Radio Gram"

love (see the *Thousand and One Nights*). His feeling was that the Arabs would soon feel sick-ashamed of themselves for laughing at such stuff and would clamour for Test Match recollections and other gentlemanly entertainment. They would then rush from their tents and form cricket elevens, he predicted, and large numbers of them would join the Primrose League. This turned out to be accurate.

## Racket

**T**HOSE sweetfaced elderly ladies and mild elderly gentlemen in unofficial jampot collars who live by carrying collecting-boxes or tins with fancy labels, or writing letters, do pretty well at normal times, and must be doing even better at the moment. Bogus charities, according to the Charity Organisation Society, have increased since the war began, and make about £10,000,000 a year.

It would be easy to believe that this gilded racket is run by one Master-Brain in the City from a suite of palatial offices humming with typists, card-indexes, dictaphones, multiple telephones, and all the rest of it. One feels somehow—doesn't one?—that this is, in its simplest concrete form, what is meant by all those valuable little books on Success; and it wouldn't be difficult to picture the Master-Brain either, seated in a lofty room furnished in simple, exquisite taste, with a single Gauguin on the wall.

## Reflection

**T**HE bogus clergymen and the timid, appealing spinsters of the collection staff would naturally never come in contact with this figure. A cloud of spies encompass them, terrible as any Tcheka or Gestapo, and any attempted double-crossing is ruthlessly dealt with. The racket probably bears some pompous "blind" name like Twentieth Century Globular Concessions, Ltd.

Ten million smackers a year clear profit! The more we think of it the more impossible we find it to believe that amateurs are handling an industry of this magnitude. If they are, we lift our little cricket cap with the rest of the Race, and unwillingly admire.

(Concluded on page 242)



"What is the nature of your complaint about our eggs, Madam?"



Lord Holmpatrick, of Abbotstown, Castleknock, took his son and daughter, the Hon. James and the Hon. Caroline Hamilton, racing at Phoenix Park, the first meeting since the recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland. Lord Holmpatrick is an ex-Joint-Master of the Meath Hounds



An engaged couple at Phoenix Park were Mr. Noel Kennan Macdonald and Miss Olive Widger, who hunts with the Waterford Hounds. Her grandfather, Mr. John Widger, won the Grand National many years ago on *The Wild Man of Borneo*



Lady Nugent, Miss Bridget Farrell and Miss Patricia Sherlock were photographed by the stands. Lady Nugent is the wife of Sir Hugh Nugent, Bt., a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, of Ballinlough, and Windsor House, Lambourn, Berks. She is the daughter of the Rev. H. L. Puxley, Rector of Farnborough, Wantage

## Racing in Ireland

A Meeting at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



(Right) Miss Honor Frame led in Fair Crystal, the winner of the Laidlaw Plate for two-year-olds, which belongs to her father, Mr. D. Frame, and was ridden by T. P. Burns. The Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley's Grand Inquisitor was second, and Major A. H. Watt's Straight Flush third



Lady Eva Forbes sat between races with Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald. Her brother, the Earl of Granard, was Master of the Horse to King George V. for twelve years. Mr. Fitzgerald is President of the All-Ireland Polo Club. His wife is Sir Anthony Weldon's mother



A cheerful group of spectators included Mrs. Phelim O'Neill, whose husband is a Gunner; Lieut. D. M. Gilbertson, R.A.; Lady Mary Hermon, elder daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam and wife of Capt. Robert Hermon; and Capt. Starkey, Grenadier Guards



Two others racing were the Hon. Jeanne French and Miss Mary Lillis, the latter a daughter of the late Mr. Frank Lillis, a great Irish polo player. The Hon. Jeanne French is the second of the young Lord de Freyne's four sisters

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Quiz

"GENERALS die in bed"—the coarse old jape, not so long ago universal, is so obsolete now that the recent War Office ruling that senior officers (whose presence in the forward areas, says the Warbox, is "often essential") must provide their own protection can hardly have elevated one quizzing eyebrow.

Byegones being byegones, we won't recall the keen displeasure with which the glossy-booted Samurai were once viewed as they issued from their distant chateaux on rare occasions to inspect the forward pitch, or the bitter vim with which they were cursed for deciding the mud was good enough for play. Generals have changed, like tactics, and for this reason not all your cries will prevent our relating again, possibly for the last time, the nicest story of World War I., which, as you know, concerns the Australian private who fell into a trench during a rear-guard action in the Big German Push of 1918 and knocked a lurking brasshat flat. The conversation went:

"Why the hell don't you look where you're going?"

"Who the hell are you anyway?"

"Damn you, I'm your Brigade Commander!"

"My God! (Appalled stare) Have I run back as far as that?"

## Spur

THAT letter threatening assassination received by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose nationally-syndicated gossip column "My Day" is greatly annoying pro-Axis and isolationist elements in America, is

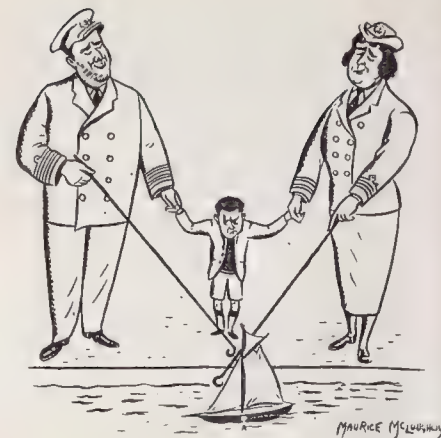
nothing much out of the ordinary. Mrs. Roosevelt gets twenty threat-letters a week and the average Broadway gossip-boy's life is frequently in sore danger.

Such an occupational risk should soothe our native Press gossips, who often express bitter envy of the huge prestige and influence and the princely incomes their New York colleagues enjoy. But offended "socialites" and maddened actresses and petulant gangster leaders and furious Wall Street magnates are constantly dogging the indiscreet Broadway gossip, whose lordship of language may not inconceivably earn him a slugging, a kidnapping, or even a bullet or a blade in the ribs any day. Whereas the worst that ever happens in the Street of Adventure is some fuming retired colonel kicking his heels in the waiting-room for hours and crying pathetically for some cad to horsewhip. (In the end, tiring of the noise, they send him the Home Page Editress, and one of these days that tough baby is going to get a shock when some elderly Galahad suddenly produces a hairbrush.)

Constant alertness in the face of peril has a markedly good effect on the New York gossip-boys' prose style, which is terse, vigorous, pointed, and zippy. Rolling a benevolent old eye occasionally over our native boys' offerings, one can't help feeling their lives are just one long dreamy summer afternoon.

## Oasis

EVEN gluttons for fun who always rushed headlong for the Paris train on landing, instead of lingering over life's subtler pleasures, may have been given a passing pang by the savage fine inflicted on Dieppe the other day for anti-Hitler demonstrations. To true lovers of Dieppe it is like beating up a charming maiden aunt.



The faded Victorian-water-colour appeal of Dieppe, the delicate tints, smoky rose and fawn and turquoise and pale emerald, of that vast placid sea on a summer evening—who can put these things into words? One or two of the *Yellow Book* boys, who fled regularly to Dieppe from the London Sunday, did it pretty well, and yet missed it. Even the pulling down of the old gingerbread-brick Casino and the erection of a shiny modern contraption didn't kill the Dieppe atmosphere or scare off those top-hatted and crinolined ghosts which pace its seafront lawns; not to speak of those more vivid ghosts in armour and bright colours escorting Louis XI. as he walks slowly barefoot through the town to Mass at St. Jacques, that magnificent old Gothic pile, after defeating the English on the cliffs of the fishermen's quarter, where the Bastille stood.

Dieppe is a palimpsest of colours, pale and glowing, each layer delightful to the discerning, and you pitied the Paris train as it pulled out with its banal load. Maybe you wrote something arty and supercilious to this effect in your diary. Aren't you rather a snob?

## Seer

IT was only to be expected that one of those sachems who prophesy on military affairs should, at the time of writing, be still rapping the populace rather severely for its "misplaced optimism" over the Greek business. Experts are always in a strong position, the citizenry having a short memory and little or no access to back newspaper files.

Meanwhile the Government shows no signs of mobilising these and other warlocks and seers into that Royal Army Astrological Corps we were urging a little time ago, thus establishing permanent liaison between G.H.Q. and the planets.

The appointment of an official haruspex, to examine and forecast from the entrails of deceased fowls, and an augur to observe the flight of live ones, would normally follow. It can hardly be, as a wellwisher hinted to us, that the politicians are afraid such a Corps might arouse public derision when the boys took their weekly or monthly toss? Politicians surely (ventured old Uncle Cheeriboy, laughing heartily) know all about the public's memory, which is the reason so few politicians die poor, Heaven help us?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Every time I breathe I get a stabbing pain in my foretop gallants"

## Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Well, what about Lawrence o’ Arabia? ‘E blinkin’ well knowed what ‘e was doin’, didn’t ‘e!”

## Nine Engagements



**The Hon. June Forbes-Sempill**

Hay Wrightson

The younger daughter of Commander Lord Sempill, Naval Air Service, the Hon. June Forbes-Sempill is engaged to P.O. Philip Tilney Thornton, R.A.F.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Thornton, of the Hebrides. Miss Forbes-Sempill's mother, who died in 1935, was a daughter of the late Sir John Lavery. Her father married in February, as his second wife, Miss Cecilia Dunbar-Kilburn. Mr. Thornton has given his fiancée, who works for the W.V.S., a beautiful engagement ring, presented to his mother by the Queen of Afghanistan. He has written many books on travel

Harlip



Left:

**Miss Sylvia Morrison-Bell**

Miss Sylvia Morwenna Morrison-Bell is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Morrison-Bell, of Pit House, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and a niece of Lord Clinton. Her fiancé is Captain Arthur Thomas Chamberlayne, Royal Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Chamberlayne, of Beech Hill, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk



**Miss Dorothea Macleod**

Miss Dorothea Helen (Tudi) Macleod, the younger daughter of Major-General and Mrs. C. W. Macleod, of 5, Portman Mansions, W.1, now at Eynesbury, Merrow, Guildford, is engaged to Major Clive Charlton Garthwaite, elder son of Major and Mrs. Alan Garthwaite, of Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland.



Hertram Park

**Miss Daphne Holmes**

The engagement is announced between Miss Daphne Holmes, elder daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Holmes, of 11, Mallord Street, S.W.3, and Mr. Charles F. A. C. Cavendish, K.O.S.B.s, only son of the late Major Aheyn Cavendish, Rifle Brigade, and Mrs. Cavendish, of Arniesyde, St. Boswell's, Roxburgh.



Hay Wrightson

**Miss Margaret Carey-Evans**

Miss Margaret Carey-Evans, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas and Lady Carey-Evans, is engaged to Mr. Charles Stuart Low, younger son of Col. Stuart Low, and of the Hon. Mrs. George Shelley, of Aberdovey, Wales, and grandson of Lord Atkin. Miss Carey-Evans joined the A.T.S. in the early part of the war, is a granddaughter of Mr. Lloyd George



Lenarc

### Miss Rosemary Henderson

Miss Rosemary Gladys Henderson will be married shortly to Count Robert Orssich. She is the younger daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson, and of Lady (Murrough) Wilson, of Windlesham Park, Windlesham, Surrey, and a cousin of Lord Faringdon. Her elder sister, Susan, was married in 1936 to Mr. Mark Pilkington



### Miss Margot Duke

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Brockham Warren, Walton-on-the-Hill, and granddaughter of the late Mr. J. C. Mappin, Miss Margot Irene Duke is engaged to Viscount Erleigh, the Queen's Bays. He is the only son of Colonel the Marquess and Marchioness of Reading; his mother is the elder sister of Lord Melchett. Miss Duke is on the reserve list of the A.T.A., and meanwhile is nursing

Harlip



Navana

### Miss Jean Boyle

Miss Jean Isabel Boyle is the younger of the two daughters of the Hon. Alan and Mrs. Boyle of Mount Esk, Lasswade, Midlothian, and 56, Westbourne Terrace, W.2, and a niece of the Earl of Glasgow. She is engaged to Mr. Bartholomew Guy Ellison, son of Major and Mrs. G. M. Ellison, of Hykeham Hall, Lincoln

Right:

### Miss Valerie Stokes

The engagement is announced between Miss Valerie M. Stokes, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. V. A. P. Stokes, of 4, Sussex Mansions, S.W.7, and Lieut. Robert A. M. Hennessy, R.N., second son of Capt. Richard Hennessy, of Bagnolet, Cognac, France, and the late Mrs. Hennessy. He is a nephew of Lord Windlesham and a grandson of the late Lady James Douglas





**"Darktown Strutters"**: Bud Flanagan, Frances Day and Chesney Allen step out together in a big spectacular number called "Mississippi Minstrels," for which the attractive, gaudy dresses were designed by Doris Zinkeisen, and the music comes from a lot of old favourites like "Coal Black Mammy," "Dinah," "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean"



Making Contact with the Audience

**"Drop Me a Line"**: with fishing-rods, paper fish and pencils, the girls come out on the parade-ground between orchestra and audience, and, dangling their fish-pads among the gentlemen in the stalls, they collect messages which Naunton Wayne then "censors." Zoë Gail (in the centre on the left) sings the accompanying song

## "Black Vanities"

A Robust and Decorative Show  
at the Victoria Palace

**"Salute to Vanity"**: Zoë Gail, Naunton Wayne and Patricia Leonard (on the right) contribute to the show's gaiety. The girls' great big hats and sequined dresses belong to the opening number. Naunton Wayne, London's best compere, is at his old job of being irresistibly rude to the management, the audience, his fellow-players, sometimes even to himself



**"Panama Tatty"**: a sultry sketch with lots of rattling rain makes Chesney Allen into a lonely Empire-builder, Frances Day into a tattered South Seas siren (after Marlene Dietrich), Bud Flanagan into a beach-comber ("This rain will be the death of me"). After Panama Tatty has vamped her victims to shreds (as on the left), she and Flanagan sing Cole Porter's "But in the Morning, No"





"Victorian Vanity": the Girls in the Bustles line up and swing their legs to the tune of "In the Days of Queen Victoria"

Photographs by Royce

"I Love You, Do I?" sings Frances Day, on the right, wearing the white crinoline dress that Cecil Beaton designed and Jacqmar made for her. Cole Porter has given his royalties on this song to British war charities. Frances Day, among the other songs in her miniature revue, sings a new one by Eric Maschwitz and Michael Carr called "Silver Wings," which she has dedicated to the R.A.F.

Flanagan and Allen, masters of "Oi!" and also of the eight-o'clock-on-Saturday-night broadcast, are, with Frances Day and Naughton Wayne, the big attractions of *Black Vanities* at the Victoria Palace. Outstanding for gorgeous lavishness are the dresses and decor, for which top-line designers have been used. More about George Black's third "intimate rag" on p. 234, where the show is under review by our Mr. Farjeon



# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Story of J. M. B.

IF ever I were seriously asked the secret of charm, I would say that it is a serious-minded man or woman in whom one side of their character has never quite grown-up. Especially the charm which elderly people so often develop as they grow older. I don't, of course, mean a youthful silliness: I mean that one part of them has never lost the wonder and the sweetness of being young. It gives them a nature which is so understanding that it possesses a charm by itself. Moreover, so long as people can retain this wonder and this sweetness, it promises development, and the worst of most of us is that we grow older and narrower; while lots never reach beyond that stage which, at fifty, can only be described as mildewed adolescence.

Both, however, have to go hand-in-hand with an appreciation of the profundities of existence—a mixture of both heart and head. Nothing is so humanly tedious in the long run as either without the other. The purely intellectual is as great a bore as the entirely sentimental. Who has not suffered from the man whose deep earnestness can be sustained without a break from dawn to bedtime? Who has not suffered equally from those whose heart so rules their head that one wonders if they have a brain at all? Neither, as a rule, possesses a sense of humour or of human fun, and I defy anybody to have real charm who lacks both of these lovable links with delightful companionship. Life is earnest, I know, but preserve me from the man who thinks and speaks and lives as if that comprised every side of it. Death would really be a release if life were only that. Thank goodness, however, the deeply wise realise within themselves that even

the most profound philosophers and mathematicians and scientists are but children who have discovered a few secrets. None of them know the whole story, and to pretend you do—worse still, to believe it—is as silly a conviction as anybody has held who has ever convicted themselves of silliness.

Happily, the old Victorian belief that to grow older was automatically to become wiser, has long since been exploded. It doesn't necessarily follow at all. You have only to listen to adult people making conversation to realise this. There is more to be learnt from bird-song at dawn, or from a garden in springtime; or often from children timidly opening the gateway to a little wider life. Maybe it was just because the late Sir James Barrie realised this unconsciously—because, if the realisation were conscious, it would become a pose—that his books and plays possess a charm which attracts you, even when, in a cooler, more critical mood, you think you can see through the trick. So Mr. Denis Mackail's very long, but always very interesting, biography, *J. M. B.* (Peter Davies; 11s. 6d.), seeks to analyse within the story of Barrie's life the secret of that charm which seemed so natural—except that sometimes you can catch a glimpse of the machinery working.

## An Extraordinary Little Man

THANK goodness this biography is not written in the ordinary manner of biographies! It would have been dreadful had it been so, because the character of J. M. B. does not lend itself to pompous anecdote. No, it is written rather in the style of one of Mr. Mackail's own stories. Usually this manner is quite delightful, because so intimate and personal; while

only occasionally does it touch a kind of playfulness between writer and reader which approaches something of an over-friendly prattle. The story of Barrie's life, from obscurity, from poverty which was never poverty-stricken, to fame and fortune, is told in detail, but all the time there is an objective attitude towards that Barrie-charm which was so potent yet so very cunning.

The book catches it delightfully, but never quite pins it down—as certainly no charm can ever be. "Others may have been critical or envious, and thought, or even spoke of luck. Yet the luck—which had two sides to it always—was simply the obvious and inexplicable accident that Barrie was himself. That heredity, environment, upbringing, chance, omnipotence, glands, bio-chemistry, or whatever you like to call it, had put something into him which must eventually colour everything that he wrote or did. A quality, which occasionally he would fight, which sometimes he would seem to encourage almost beyond reasonable bounds, but which was shared with nobody, and could neither be transmitted nor explained. That was what we came to recognise, value, rely on, or at times resist and resent. That was what he sold for vast sums of money, yet still retained. That was what made him loved, but always lonely. That was his unique gift, and his curse."

## Many Sides to his Character

BARRIE was a man with many sides to his character; each separate, yet all connected, rather like a patchwork quilt. Mr. Mackail, by sympathetic understanding, which is at the same time quietly critical, pieces them all together into something resembling a whole; but although as a character-study it is brilliantly clever, we still cannot see Barrie as One Man—if you know what I mean.

Reading the book and always being charmed and interested, it struck me that one thread running through his nature had been omitted. It is that there was a lot of woman within him. It was not to be

(Concluded on page 250)



Pictures for City-Planners

The Royal Institute of British Architects have arranged an exhibition of old prints and new plans, photographs and maps to illustrate "Living in Cities." Lord Reith, Minister of Works and Buildings and also an Hon. Fellow of the R.I.B.A., attended the private view. With him here are Lord Balfour of Burleigh, housing pioneer and chairman of the Housing Centre's Planning Council, Mr. W. H. Ansell, president of the R.I.B.A., and Mr. Ralph Tubbs



Pictures for Civil Servants

Sir Julian Foley, Secretary of the Ministry of Shipping, inaugurated an interesting experiment when he opened in the canteen of the Ministries of Shipping and Economic Warfare an exhibition of some seventy pictures by contemporary artists. Looking at Caryl Weight's "Allegro Strepitoso" with him here is Mrs. Sinclair. The Artists' International Association and the canteen committee are responsible for this excellent idea. The exhibition will probably be transferred later to the canteen of another Ministry

# Sydney Camm

## The Designer of the Hurricane and the Typhoon

Windsor was the birthplace, in 1893, of Sydney Camm, and there he first entered public life by forming a model aeroplane club when he was nineteen. A year later he went to the firm of Martinsyde, working in the shops and finally in the drawing office. In 1923 he joined the Hawker Engineering Company (now Hawker Aircraft, Ltd.), became their chief designer two years later, and in 1935 a director. During that decade he designed and produced 'planes that made his firm one of the foremost aircraft production plants in the world, and one 'plane that has made his own name famous—the Hurricane, whose original design was completed in 1934. Within the last week or two news has been released of Mr. Camm's latest masterpiece, a single-seat fighter with as stormy a name as its sisters, Hurricane, Whirlwind and Tornado. The Typhoon, in the opinion of our air correspondent, "is going to hound the Hun out of the sky," and is "the most advanced fighter, both as to its air-frame and as to its engine [the Napier Sabre, which develops about 2100 h.p.] that British designers have yet produced"

*Photographs by Pictorial Press*



Mr. and Mrs. Camm have an eighteen-year-old daughter Phyllis, who is a student at the Kingston Art School. Lately she has been working on a self-portrait. Monty and Carlo are the family dog and cat

Sydney Camm has been designing aeroplanes since he was a boy with a passion for model 'planes. His latest achievement, the Typhoon, is "confidently expected . . . to be the finest fighter ever supplied to the R.A.F." Below, Mr. Camm works on a design with Mr. R. H. Chaplin, his senior assistant, who was one of his collaborators in producing the original Hurricane design in 1934



## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

discovered everywhere and all the time, and there were moments when he could thrust it aside altogether—if he were ever conscious of it at all—and regard it as merely a mood. But to me it showed itself nevertheless. It gave to his writings that subtle charm which women understood and men fell for, without quite realising their reasons. Probably it explains that loneliness which was always his, and increased as he grew older. His understanding of the child-mind, his possessiveness towards those he loved, his kindly domination towards those he wished to help, all his heroines, his passing worship of pretty actresses, a hundred little things in his writings and in his life have a touch of femininity which makes them tenderly unreal—and is how so many women view themselves and mankind and reality. And yet he could detach himself from all that in an instant, and with equal unconsciousness.

In his boyhood, a kind of mother fixation might account for much, and yet, later on, he could tell the story of his mother with a feeling of adoration which yet can stand tenderly, yet critically, aside. *Mary Rose* contains the same strange mixture. Here you have mysticism and playfulness, sentiment and humour woven into a strange, yet haunting, play; while, if you analyse it coolly, it is a mixture of hard reality amounting to cynicism. Only most people never realise this, so potent have been the other qualities.

### Final Summing-Up

WAS Barrie a happy man? Judging from this biography I should say no. Well, perhaps nobody is. On the other hand, there is a loneliness in the lives of certain individuals which is deeper than sorrow, and can never be understood from outside, nor ever be put into words. And I should say that, within himself, Barrie was undoubtedly thus lonely. His marriage, after a long period of what looked like happiness, ended unfortunately; though there were faults on both sides—especially psychological faults or, perhaps I should write, miscalculations. Tragedy came to him through the sad death by accident of one of his adopted sons. He had friends—too many friends for spiritual satisfaction, maybe. Fame and fortune flattered him, but never could fill his life. His last play, fashioned round the gifts of Elisabeth Bergner and unsatisfactory because it was fashioned thus, was not successful.

Outwardly, I suppose, he had everything the world can provide, and yet, apart from his work, he found it difficult to mix with that world. So, half as bravado and half in self-defence, he turned on the

famous Barrie charm, usually with great success; but all the time he was acting before an audience comprised of himself in the front row and the rest way back behind. Thus it did not always work, because the technique had become so perfect that it could be watched. Yet, as a life-story, how interesting it all is! He was a great little figure, even apart from his outstanding literary gifts. So much that was lovable; just a little that was exasperating; so much happiness, so much success, so great fortune; and yet, casting a shadow over them all, a certain definite need, which fate never quite gave him in full measure—the need, perhaps, of never being understood, and the loneliness which accompanies that omission. Briefly, a very human life-story.

### Thoughts from "J.M.B."

I N England, for some reason, we always tend to suspect our heroes until they are safely dead."

"When love dies, nothing is so dead, for

then even those who have loved will deny, or can forget, that it ever lived."

"For people didn't understand—and how could they, if they weren't rich too?—how subtly a big income can change one's surroundings and oneself."

"With children as with everything else, it's the not having what you might have had that gnaws and unsettles and won't leave you alone."

### Hitler's "Romances"

AS romances they make a poor showing. But they are there, but, as at a women's sewing-bee, it doesn't take much evidence to provide a bit of sentimental gossip or a scandal. And so we come to *Hitler's Girls, Guns and Gangsters*, by Felix Gross (Hurst and Blackett; 16s.). It is an entertaining volume, but one feels all the time that the writer is making the best he can of vague material, often only hearsay.

Nevertheless, the girls come forward: a queer procession, somewhat dishevelled. Heading them, Angela Raubel, Hitler's niece, who, it is said, committed suicide, though the author believes she was conveniently murdered by the Nazi chiefs. Then comes Fraulein Hanstaengel, and, fairly close on her heels, Frau Winifred Wagner. Follows the rest of the somewhat unattractive procession, each one so mixed up, however, in the Movement, that you sometimes wonder whether they were more political instruments than love-birds. So little is really known about any of them, viewed as "girls," but the writer makes up for this by some tasty speculations. All the same, it struck me that the game of *cherchez-la-femme* has rarely provided a greater banality of drama.

As for the "Guns" of the title, a fleeting glance is all you get of them! The "Gangsters," however, are in full force, accompanied by most of the spicy stories which were current in Germany on Hitler's rise to power, with the jealousy and rivalry between Goebbels, Goering, Rosenberg and the rest of them to provide the dog-fight. Probably a common triumph, accompanied by a common danger, has put a temporary end to all this, but it will certainly flare up again, human nature being what it is, and then the secret information should be even more lively. However, the most convincing part of the book deals with the events which occurred behind the scenes before January 1933, and June 1934.

But even if you, so to speak, provide your own salt—or are thus inclined to do—while reading some of the anecdotes, the book as a whole is interesting and entertaining. Yet, was ever a national hero and his associates less glamorous than Hitler and his gangsters? They are repulsive, whichever way you look at them. The many illustrations in this book provide an excellent commentary on this belief.



### In "The Little Foxes," a Brilliant American Play

Tallulah Bankhead gives the greatest performance of her career as Regina Giddens, a thoroughly nasty but credible creation, in Lilian Hellman's latest play, "The Little Foxes." It has an unpleasant and horrifying plot about an odious Southern family, set at the beginning of this century; shows keen observation and even more direct work than its brilliant predecessor, "The Children's Hour." Tallulah Bankhead is touring the States, playing this exhausting role to thrilled and horrified audiences after appearing in her native South. She is the daughter of the late Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, Speaker of the House



### Engaged Couple

Captain Reginald Michael Pratt, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and Miss Diana Page, daughter of Mrs. Frankie Boyland, of Millicent, Sallins, Co. Kildare, are engaged



### Irish and Scottish

Lady Nelson, wife of Sir James Nelson, Bt., hunts with the Blazers, herself comes from Co. Wexford. Lieut. Kenneth Urquhart, Scots Guards, is well known as a G.R.



### American Follower

Lady Hemphill, American wife of Lord Hemphill (she was Miss Emily Sears) is a follower of the Galway Blazers. Her husband's place is Tulira, Co. Galway. With her here is Mr. R. W. S. Greene

## Hunt Ball in Ireland

### The Galway Blazers

For the first time in their hundred and more years of history, the Galway Blazers held their hunt ball in Dublin this year. It took place on April 30th at the Gresham Hotel

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



### A Party of Eight

Sitting in front are Mrs. Andrew Knowles, Colonel and Mrs. Denis Daly, and Mrs. Hubert Hartigan. Behind are Mr. Farnham W. Maxwell, the English cross-country jockey, who has been training in Ireland for several years; Miss Joan Haseldine; Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Knowles, Scots Greys, who lost his eye in action in this war; Mr. Hubert Hartigan, who moved his training stable to Ireland at the beginning of the war



### The Master and Two Friends

Miss Mollie O'Rorke, the first woman to be Master of the Blazers, showed excellent sport in the season just ended. She is talking to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Levins-Moore. Mr. Levins-Moore is Joint-Master of the Ward Union Stagbonds. His partner, the Earl of Fingall, is on active service



### Senator and Countess

Senator Frank MacDermot and Countess Taaffe were two more guests at the ball. She is the daughter of Mr. E. D. MacLaughlin, doyen of Irish yachtsmen. He is the brother of The MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin



### A Doctor and Two Debutantes

Dr. F. Healy was talking to two of this year's Irish debutantes, Miss Freida Randal-Plunket and Miss Deirdre Grattan-Bellew. The last-named is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Grattan-Bellew, of Mount Bellew House, Co. Galway, and granddaughter of Sir Henry Grattan-Bellew, Bt.

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Communications

WE know from our copybooks what evil communications do. Good ones win wars. "The most important secret in war," wrote the author of the famous *Maxims*, "is to make oneself master of the communications. . . . One ought never to yield up one's line of communication; but to know how to change it is one of the most skilful manoeuvres of the art of war."

All wars are decided by the Battle of the Communications. Cut the jugular vein and life ceases. A very wide-angled lens is necessary if we are to obtain a true picture of a very wide conflict. Each competitor has a couple of lines of communication, and of these each has one that is more vulnerable than the other.

One of the players has been so silly as to present himself with a line 700 miles long, and he is trying to lengthen it, in spite of the very obvious difficulty of reinforcement and supply—principally water supply: the other had a line roughly 3000 miles long; and he has shortened it by about half that distance. Which of them has played the right card?

## A Soldier to a Sailor

TO any sailor from the Junior Service, and this is what he writes to me: "Thank God, the Navy is doing well! How they have come on since . . . [The next words are not discreet—"S."] and what an example they set! If they get half a chance, they fairly blow their opponents out of the water, and if they don't

get a chance, they go down with their flags flying, working their guns till the breech-blocks are under water."

I publish this because the "soldier" puts into words that which we all think, and that which we ought to say a jolly sight oftener than we do, and more especially just now, in view of this Grecian miracle.

## The Bend Or Jacket

LET us hope that the noble owner will be well enough to go and see Lambert Simnel win the Derby as comfortably as he won the Two Thousand, but it is to be feared that if his Grace wants to back him, there will be no 10 to 1 on offer.

There was no particular inducement to back this colt in the Two Thousand—at any rate on the two-year-old form. In the Dewhurst (October 31st, 1940), the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's Fettes beat him anyhow; in the Two Thousand, Lambert Simnel was meeting presumably the popular lady-owner's first string, Owen Tudor, who was very reasonably made favourite. On the Column Stakes form, this was quite justified, but Owen Tudor was no closer than fifth, and beaten a goodish way out, as also was Selim Hassan, the (substitute) Greenham winner.

As I made that bold to suggest, we have



## A Canadian Congratulated

*Ft.-Lieut. Hamilton Charles Upton, R.A.F., who comes from Vancouver Island, received congratulations on his award of the D.F.C. from Miss Gillean Mitford, the daughter of his host, Colonel Philip Mitford, with whom he is spending his leave at Berryfield, Inverness-shire. Ft.-Lieut. Upton received his D.F.C. for the destruction of nine certain enemy machines and sixteen probable ones. Miss Mitford is a F.A.N.Y., and engaged to a prisoner of war, Capt. Patrick Munro, of Foulis, Ross-shire*

only a shifting sand upon which to base any calculations, and this Two Thousand result makes things even more difficult. I suppose Sun Castle's friends will be even more jubilant than ever, because he finished only 1½ lengths behind the well-beaten Morogoro at level weights. Last time out Morogoro beat him a neck in the Craven, giving him 13 lb. The win amounted to the gift of a stone. It is all a bit mixed, is it not?

The One Thousand followed suit. The favourites well beaten by the 100-to-8 chance, Dancing Time. The quality of Mercy was strained to breaking point—and Keystone is now a clue to nothing! Lambert Simnel is as well entitled as anything else to be hailed as a possible Derby winner.

## When Is a Jockey Really Good?

THE answer, of course, is, "When he wins according to plan!" The answer to the converse question is: (a) "When he misses it when the owner has backed it for a small independence"; and (b) "When he wins at the wrong moment; that is to say, when the animal is not wanted, and was only sent out for an airing, as may be said."

The customary answer to (a) is: "I could not come without the blinkin' horse"; and to (b): "None of the others was trying either." The answer to (a) is a complete defence. The answer to (b) has a variant: "I couldn't hold the blighter!" It is not invariably convincing.

Once upon a time I knew an owner who was a great theorist where race-riding was concerned. Incidentally, he had never been on a horse in his life, and only just knew which end kicked. However, he would sit down over night with a pencil and paper, and work out exactly what his jockey should do, and the exact position in which he should be at every point in the contest. His trainer he ignored, and never even



## At the Recent Sales of Bloodstock at Newmarket

*Mrs. Stephen Player sat on her shooting-stick outside the ring at the Newmarket Sales, where 300 guineas was the highest price paid. She is with Major K. Knowles and her husband, Mr. Stephen Player*



*Captain Hilder, well known in the polo world, had a chat with Miss Dalton White, who rode many a point-to-point winner before the war, and is now an officer in the W.A.A.F.*

condescended to ask him when it was safe to bet and when not. His instructions to his jockeys were always issued by *oratio directa*. Well, one day he had a steed in a 'chase, and he had worked things out on paper so carefully that he was convinced that it would win by as far as the jockey would let it. The "jockey" on this occasion happened to be a very first-class G.R.

The owner delivered his customary harangue before the race: "I want you to be ten lengths behind here; close up to four there—go upsides two from home—and come clean away after jumping the last one!" "Right!" said the talented Corinthian. The race was run at a cracking pace—quite different to the one which the theorist had worked out. Victory was scored, but only by a whisker. The owner was furious, and as he led his horse in, he said: "You nearly gave me a heart stoppage! Why the devil didn't you do as I told you? You would have won easily!"

"If," said the G.R., "I had done as you told me, I should not be here now! You and your dammsilly paper calculations! It is only the chap in the fighting line who can really know!"

The name of the horse was *not* Benghazi.

### Very Like Steeplechasing

QUICK change, breathless pace, split-second decisions, every man for himself and De'il tak' the hindermost, and also quite often some of the foremost; no time or obligation to stay and pick up the pieces as you do sometimes out hunting; a desperate needle-fight from start to finish; no quarter either given or expected; a real blood war, every second of it packed with thrill and that keen zest which danger always adds; everyone seeing red and intent upon one thing, and one thing only—to beat the opposition—that is, of course, always pre-supposing that they were all triers and the ducats are down. The right-hand man never says to the left-hand one: "Harden your heart like a millstone, Ned, and set your face like a flint"—an adjuration supposed by a poet to be appropriate to the hunting-field, but which I have always thought would not go too well, for it might be taken to cast an aspersion upon "Ned's" courage.

Steeplechasing leaves no time for such little pleasantries, and also you have got to be brave whether you like it or not, for the two first miles at any rate you can only *just* hold him, if he is anything like a steeplechase horse: and also there are thousands of eyes looking through thousands of very good glasses watching your every action. What a Grand National we are all of us riding at the moment!

Second time round: "The Chair," an ugly memory; Becher's, Valentine's, and the big one with the ditch beyond, and a bit of a drop, this side of Anchor Bridge, still to come; the duds mostly down; a

non-trier pulling up; and still the "Main Menace"—a badly bred'un, it is true—swishing over them in front of our own "Cœur de Lion," who is throwing them behind him like the good'un that he is. A long way still to go—and you and I and the t'other chap know from our experience, how suddenly things can change! The leader has only got to make one more mistake—we may even get an inverted view of those brightly shining plates—and then we leave him and the crook who is steering him to the dead-meat van, and the men with the stretcher and the man with the splints. We know that "Cœur de Lion" won't fall!

### A "Beaufortshire" Loss

BY the death of Sir Audley Neeld of Grittleton, the Beaufort Hunt has lost one of the outstanding figures in its more or less modern history. He was ninety-two when he died on May 1st, and it is on record that he had hunted with those hounds ever since he was eight. I doubt whether he ever hunted anywhere else, and, if this is so, he showed a very fine discrimination, for, take it where you will, that paradise, the Sodbury Vale, the Dauntsey Vale, or the wall country, it takes a power of beating. In his younger days there may have been some men as good as he was over this grand demesne, but I am quite convinced there were none better. He was a very famous chairman of the Hunt Committee and naturally a close friend of that great personality the late Duke, and of the present one, whose début as an amateur huntsman, in 1920, he witnessed.

This was when the then Earl of Worcester was launched by his father with a small bitch pack which he hunted two days a week, with Maurice Kingscote and Herbert Nell (both subsequently Masters of hounds) to turn them to him. It was a grand

success, and they have always said that it was one of the proudest days in the old Duke's life, since he had personally taught his son the art. Sir Audley Neeld was a storehouse of Beaufort history with tales of Will Dale, that brilliant huntsman, and of all the hounds that had pedigrees back to Beaufort Justice (1805), who was not incidentally Badminton bred, but who made as much hound history as Trojan, Furrier, Rallywood or any other of which you can think in their various regions of activity. What an atmosphere of sport in its best expression in which to have lived and died! Incidentally, the first Earl of Worcester (1514) was one of the first of his line to be prominent in the world of sport. He was one of the judges at the jousts at that classic instance of the double cross, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and was something like Henry VIII.'s galloper at Têrouanne, called more commonly the Battle of the Spurs. The spurs of the French cavalry were dug in so deep that they say only a surgical operation got them out of the unfortunate steeds! All this picturesque history Sir Audley Neeld had at his finger-tips.

During the latter years of his life the late Duke, who was a contemporary of Sir Audley Neeld and two years his senior, hunted on wheels, the wheels being a Ford car which was a very familiar object in the landscape. The Duke knew the run of the foxes so well that usually he was quite as well up as all the intrepid people who had taken on all the obstacles. Lionel Edwards did an excellent picture of his Grace sitting in his car and surveying hounds, Master and field streaming over a bit of the wall country. Incidentally, these Beaufort walls are not as full of poison as some—the Quorn ones on the Forest side, for instance, or, so I am told, the ones in the High Peak Harriers' country—tetanus being the risk.



"Royal Academy Illustrated"

### The Evacuation of Dunkirk in the Academy

Mr. Richard Eurich makes a rather map-like scheme of his large panoramic painting, "Dunkirk Beach, May 1940," one of the most important war pictures of this year's Academy. It is simple and unheroic in style, giving a straightforward representation of soldiers on the sunlit beach, waiting to be evacuated from the shores of fallen France. Mr. Eurich, who is a British war artist working on commission, had another painting of Dunkirk in the exhibition of war pictures at the National Gallery

# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Kingdoms and Chasms

It takes us—said one of those cantankerous people who are always stirring up controversies at a dinner-party I attended the other day—it takes us, he said, with a distinctly "Haw-Haw" inflection—ten times as long to fill in a hole in London as it takes Herr Hitler to conquer a kingdom. Thereupon he was set upon by the assembled company and politely torn to shreds.

The best answer was given by an insurance expert, which shows that the actual and the actuarial are not so widely separated as some policy-holders assert. Destruction, it was argued, is usually a swifter process than construction. Blowing up is easier than building up, and knocking down quicker than knocking together. It would take even Herr Hitler nine months to make a man; but he can destroy thousands in as many days. The fact that he is a quick worker is partly because his work is destruction.

All the same, beating the bombing aeroplane is largely a matter of quickness in re-creation, and here I must say that I have lately noticed a big improvement. Really high-speed reconstruction work has been the response to recent raids, and some of the holes have been filled in in record time. It used to demand the patience of a bird-watcher to catch any movement on the part of a London navvy, and express messengers had to spend hours leaning on the barriers. It is positively awe-inspiring now to see the navvies out-blitzing the blitz.

## Governments Wise, Dramatise

RAPID repairs, good shelters, and appropriate evacuation schemes—these are at present the most efficacious of all methods of coping with the night-bomber. But it

would help if these activities could be dramatised. In all phases of this battle of the bombs, we have so far lacked drama, the whole thing is drab, dismal and depressing.

There is nothing about it of the bugle-call business of the older-fashioned wars. Yet it could be made exciting. These rapid repair squads, for instance, could be so represented to the public that they were regarded in the light in which the fire services are now regarded.

Let the repair squads go into action like a squadron of Spitfires, with a tremendous rush and roar.

Let them be starred and have their moments of public recognition. So far, the whole energies of our Members of Parliament have been directed at making the lot of those of us who are caught up in this war as wretched as possible. Their action over the Sunday opening of theatres was typical of their attitude. It is an attitude which is defeatist. It should be suppressed just as ruthlessly as any other subversive attitude.

Let us go grey seems to be the aim and objective of Mr. Herbert's much-boosted M.P.s. But imposed misery does not win wars. There should always be the realisation that we are in process of making history, and are actively doing something that is worth doing. Drama and colour must somehow be injected into this war if the civilian population is to do its best.

## From Beaver to Brabazon

So; the intriguers have had their way and moved Lord Beaverbrook from the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Fortunately, however, they have not moved him in quite the manner or direction they hoped. Instead, he has gone to a higher post, where he will



## Royal Visit to Hospital

Group Captain the Duke of Kent, chairman of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund, visited a hospital in the Home Counties lately. He is seen having a chat with one of the patients, F.-O. Phillips, R.A.F.

certainly be ready to drive them just as hard as he has in the past if he believes that the country's needs demand it.

The public was a little dismayed when it read that Lord Beaverbrook had moved from the Aircraft Production Ministry, for there he had noticeably and unmistakably made things hum. Indeed, I felt some sympathy with the cynic who remarked: "Lord Beaverbrook was brought in because we had too few aeroplanes; he was pushed out because we had too many."

I imagine, however, that the American newspapers are right in interpreting the new post of Minister of State as a sort of deputy to the Prime Minister, and therefore Lord Beaverbrook will be in an even stronger position than he was.

Meanwhile Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon takes on the job of Minister for Aircraft Production. He has long experience of aviation, and he will be welcomed to his new post by people in the aircraft industry. He will also receive strong support from that section of what used to be the motor industry which is now working on airframe and aero-engine production.

## Tank and Aeroplane

LIBYA has indicated one rather strange thing: that tanks alone, when they are in sufficient force, can move freely and conduct a fairly extensive advance even when the other side has air supremacy.

This goes rather against the views of the theorists. It goes rather against previous experience in this war. Yet in Libya we certainly held air supremacy when the German-Italian return drive across the western desert took place.

My feeling is that the aircraft has not yet developed the best way of dealing with small, moving ground-targets, such as a tank. Bombing is grossly inaccurate. That has been proved time after time in this war. Nothing approaching peacetime accuracy can be obtained either in high-level bombing or in dive-bombing.

So I return to my suggestion, made for the first time about fifteen years ago, for a "big-gun aeroplane," or, in other words, an aeroplane carrying one large-size gun fixed to fire forwards in the line of flight. This is a kind of weapon which might prove very effective as a tank-stopper. It would have the accuracy and the penetration to knock out tanks by the dozen.

To me, it is astonishing that this kind of machine has never been developed.



## Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

Front row: S.-O. J. P. Brooke, Flt.-Lieut. the Hon. G. C. S. P. Butler, Sq. Ldrs. C. E. Kent, G. F. Earle, H. P. Johnston, Group Capt. E. L. Gower, A.F.C. (Commanding Officer) Flt.-Lieut. A. M. Butt (Adjutant), Sq. Ldrs. T. D. R. Aubrey, E. W. Ward, Flt.-Lieuts. M. E. S. Thompson, M.C., E. V. T. Knight, M.B.E.

Centre: A.-S.-O. E. M. Burren, Flt.-Lieuts. A. R. Lightfoot, A. Croft, K. L. Bodenham, H. W. G. England, E. S. Venning, F.-O. J. O. Fischer-Sobell, Flt.-Lieut. K. F. Berry, F.-O. R. G. Ashton, A.-S.-O. J. M. Charter

Back row: P.-O. C. E. Leathers, F.-O. I. Nancekieveill, P.-O.s J. M. Bailey, R. Brown, G. Wright, F.-O.s C. A. Howden, L. Monnickendam, P.-O.s W. S. Thomas, W. P. Harries



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**"BLACK & WHITE"**

*It's the Scotch!*



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings and  
Engagements



*Mrs. John Mair*

Justine Bunbury, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Bunbury, of Woodleighs, Arundel, Sussex, was married at the end of April to Lieut. John Mair, Intelligence Corps, son of Colonel and Mrs. J. A. F. Mair, of Curtle Cottage, Beaulieu, Hants.



*O'Grady—Thornton*

Major The O'Grady, R.A., and Pamela Violet Thornton, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. A. Thornton, of Brockhall, Northampton, were married at St. Peter's, Brockhall. He is the son of the late Colonel I. de Courcy O'Grady, and Mrs. O'Grady, of Holloden, Co. Carlow.



*Mrs. Christopher Preston*

Prudence Hannah Thwaites was married at the end of April to Christopher Charles Preston, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Preston, of Flasby Hall, Gargrave, Yorks. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Thwaites, of Aspenden Lodge, Buntingford, Herts.



*Bailie—Lett*

Captain Hugh Cochrane Bailie, R.A.M.C., only son of the late William Bailie, of Kilwaughter House, Larne, Northern Ireland, and Mrs. Bailie, of Seabank, and Joan Buckston Lett, youngest daughter of Sir Hugh Lett, Bt., and Lady Lett, of Water's Edge, Walmer, Kent, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.



*Mrs. R. A. G. Paramore*

Diana Marjorie Verdon Smith, daughter of W. G. Verdon Smith, chairman of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, of Sharcombe, Wells, Somerset, and the late Mrs. Verdon Smith, was married on May 3rd at Dinder to Flying-Officer Richard Anthony Gordon Paramore, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Paramore, of St. Martin's, Long Ashton, Somerset.



*Watts-Farmer—Frazer-Nash*

Flight-Lieut. James Nigel Watts-Farmer, D.F.C., R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watts-Farmer, of Taunton, Somerset, and Joe Barbara Gabrielle Frazer-Nash, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Archie Frazer-Nash, of Ardua, Kingston Hill, Surrey, were married at St. Andrew's, Ham.

(Concluded on page 258)

## WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

# Gilt-edged: medium term

## Why should I buy 3% Savings Bonds?

Because it is the imperative duty of us all to save and lend our money to the State — for as long as possible.

## What are the advantages of this investment?

It is a full Trustee Security on which you will receive interest at the rate of 3% per annum as long as you hold it. The State has the option to redeem your bonds at par from 1955 onwards and must do so in 1965 at the latest.

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It is paid half-yearly on the 15th February and 15th August. Interest accrues from the date of purchase.

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3%  
Savings  
Bonds

1955-65

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London.



# Man into Uniform

The art of making a varied assortment of men look right and feel right in uniform is one to which we have applied ourselves with some success. The high standard of our work, and the knowledge that we would at all costs maintain that standard, has attracted to our uniform workrooms cutters and fitters who were masters of their profession. Our prices are not the lowest obtainable; but they represent "value" in the best sense of that word, because they cover good material and good workmanship — hidden qualities in a new uniform, but qualities that endow it with good looks to the end of a long life.

## AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford.

# Getting Married (Continued)



**Margaret Cameron**

Margaret Cornelia Adrienne Cameron, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Cameron, of McGill University, Montreal, has announced her engagement and will be married in June to Kinloch Pascoe Grenfell, of Schenecady, U.S.A., son of the late Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell, of Newfoundland



**Wingate—Gilbert**

Lieut. Ronald Patrick Wingate, Queen's Royal Regiment, son of the late G. R. L. Wingate, and Mrs. Wingate, of Kyambu, Kenya, and Mary Betty Gilbert, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. T. W. Gilbert, and Mrs. Gilbert, of the Principal's Lodge, St. John's Hall, N.5, were married at Wadhurst Church



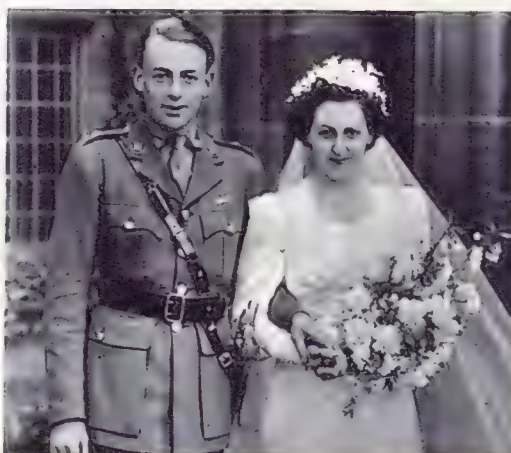
**Latter—Jacob**

Sq.-Leader Kenneth Latter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Latter, of Barcombe, Wanstead, and Priscilla Jacob, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. M. Jacob, of Fritton Old Rectory, Long Stratton, Norfolk, were married at St. Katherine's, Fritton



**Gayral—Knox**

Capitaine de Vaisseau Jean Georges Gayral, Free French Navy, and Mrs. Sylvia Knox were married at Caxton Hall register office. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Braithwaite, of Brook Grange, Bramley, Surrey. Admiral Muselier, C-in-C. Free French Navy, was one of the witnesses



**Irwin—Webb**

Lieut. Anthony Stuart Irwin, M.C., the Essex Regiment, only son of Major-General and Mrs. N. M. S. Irwin, of Dalhousie, Camberley, Surrey, and Merle Anita Webb, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Webb, of Lisvane, Cardiff, and Rhosneigr, Anglesey, were married at All Saints', Thornton Haugh, Cheshire. The bride, a niece of Lady Leverhulme, is in the M.T.C.



**Nowell—Gillespie**

Flying-Officer John D. S. Nowell, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Nowell, of St. Peter's House, Canterbury, and Dorothy Hamilton Gillespie, only daughter of Mrs. A. Bragg Gillespie, of 9, Cochrane Close, Cochrane Street, N.W.8, and Philadelphia, U.S.A., were married at St. John's, Marylebone



**Heather Muir-Simpson**

A recent engagement is that of Heather Muir-Simpson, daughter of Kenneth Muir-Simpson, of Dineiddug, Milngavie, Dumbartonshire, and the late Mrs. Muir-Simpson, and Lieut. Norval Rodgers, Intelligence Corps, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ewing Rodgers, of 2, Ward Terrace, Sunderland



**Morgan—Latham**

Sec.-Lieut. Dean Arthur Oliver Morgan, R.E., and Joan Muriel Latham, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. F. Latham, of Tonlow, Tonbridge, Kent, were married at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Morgan, late of Tanganyika



**Bell—Brock**

Paymaster-Lieut. Robert Walton Bell, R.N., only surviving son of the late Paymaster-Captain W. Bell, R.N., and of Mrs. Bell, late of Newton Abbot, and Mary (Peter) Brock, youngest daughter of Mrs. Robert Brock, of Shanghai, were married at St. Margaret's, Lowestoft



"EUGÈNE: OBVIOUSLY!"



DAVID  
LANGDON

## The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. BROOKE

Wondrously simple frocks for "off duty" are assembled in the salons of Threshers, 64 Grosvenor Street. They may be slipped on in the fraction of a second, and are available in the loveliest of colours. Nevertheless, there is a certain restraint about them which is in complete harmony with the troublous times through which we are passing. The frock portrayed on the right is of hand-blocked crepe de Chine in the whole gamut of ice-blue shades. Wedding gowns have not been neglected. Trains are absent; the skirts are full, just sweeping the ground. They are important but not elaborate. This effect is achieved by the very tight-fitting bodices, white moire satin and heavy crepe de Chine being regarded with favour

No one understands the art of the tailor better than H. J. Nicoll, 114 Regent Street. Although successful in models of the classic character, they excel in more decorative suits. Today they are making a feature of the "odd" coat and skirt, carried out in tweed. The former has a checked design and the latter is plain, like the one portrayed below; naturally the order of things may be reversed. The scheme is completed with a felt hat and decorative quill. Wrap coats for all occasions have their roles to play, as well as cardigans and pullovers. Uniforms for men and women are correct in every detail



Just how charming the result of the Jamal freedom wave is may be gleaned from the illustration above. Throughout the process of this permanent wave the client is absolutely free. There are no wires and no machines to restrict the movements; as a matter of fact, a woman can walk about while the waves are being formed. Nevertheless, the tresses will be waved to perfection, as this is an ideal machineless permanent wave. Furthermore, it has an extremely beneficial effect on the hair, which is of the greatest advantage when the majority of women have little time to devote to their personal needs

# We are Specialists in Tailored Washing Frocks

("County" Frocks—First Floor)



100 only. Perfectly Tailored in the popular standard quality Deval Crepon, with a becoming gauged yoke top, and generous knife pleats in the skirt. In pastel shades.

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Sizes 46 and 48 5/- extra **98'6**



A few only. Perfectly tailored frocks in spot tussore, with original button through envelope pockets. In cherry/white, blue/white, or navy/white and a few colours.

Sizes 40, 42, 44 and 45 only. **89'6**



Catalogue  
sent on  
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Well cut washing frock in a novelty printed fabric, with new inverted pleats, and petersham belt to tone. In navy and pastel shades. Four sizes

Sizes 46 and 48 3/6 extra **45'6**

The same style is also obtainable in other designs.

Six carefully studied sizes are obtainable in this department.  

Sizes.	40	42	44	45	46	48
Hips.	36	37	40	42	44	48 ins.

 (Actual)

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# Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE poor fellow had been nagged nearly all day, and was fast losing patience, although so far his self-control had enabled him to bear it all without uttering one word. Piqued by his silence, his wife suddenly cried:

"Nothing I ever say to you bears fruit."

Her husband looked at her.

"Perhaps it might if you pruned it a bit!" he retorted, bitterly.

A CERTAIN judge, who is deaf, was hearing a case in which both plaintiff and defendant were also deaf.

The plaintiff said: "This man ought to be made to pay his rent."

The judge, not hearing the statement, said cautiously to the defendant:

"What have you to say about that?"

"Well," said the defendant, "I always grind my corn by night."

Finally, the judge said: "I have considered this action with great care, and have come to the conclusion that both brothers are equally liable to support their mother."

"No," snapped the diner, as he scanned the menu. "I will not have any mushrooms, waiter. I was nearly poisoned by them here last week."

The waiter leaned confidentially across the table.

"Is that really so, sir?" he asked, blandly.

"Then I've won my bet with the cook."

THE young couple were entertaining friends when their small son rushed into the room and announced in a loud voice that he had just killed five flies.

"An' three were gentlemen, mummy," he added, "and two were ladies."

His mother was startled by the revelation of such biological knowledge, and asked how he could tell which was which.

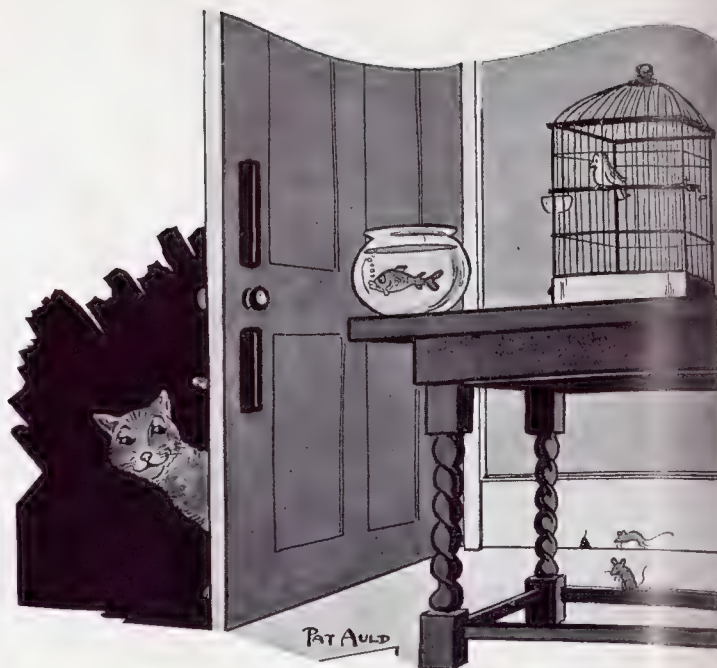
"Well," was the reply, "two of them were on the mirror and the others were round the whisky bottle!"

THE little boy looked up anxiously at the sky

as several aeroplanes flew overhead. A neighbour noticed his worried little face and called out: "Don't worry, Bobby, they're ours."

A short time later, when Bobby was in the garden with his father, some more aircraft came over, flying rather low. His father looked up questioningly at the machines.

"It's all right, daddy," said the child, "don't worry. They're Mr. Brown's."



Thursday: Fish, Friday: Poultry, Saturday: Meat...

JAKE JOHNSON, a native of Georgia, was summoned to court on an assault charge. The State brought into court the weapons used—a huge pole, a dagger, a pair of shears, a saw and a gun. Jackson's counsel produced as the complainant's weapons an axe, a shovel, a scythe, a hoe and a pair of tongs. The jury was out but a short while, and returned with this verdict:

"Resolved, that we, the jury, would have given five dollars to see the fight."

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To match apron 2/3½  
Set 193.  
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All Wool Panama  
Wm's 37/6; O.S. 39/11

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Wm's 42/-; O.S. 47/-

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Tailored Blouse, Peter Pan collar and tucked front, in washing silk weft. In ivory, pink, primrose and pale olive. Sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 in. .. .. 32/6

BLOUSE SALON FIRST FLOOR

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE  
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

# Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 262)

ONE from America :

The tramp walked into the bank and up to the receiving teller's window.

"How long is this bank in existence?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty years," replied the teller politely. "It's one of the oldest banks in the country."

"I see," mused the tramp, "and is under the supervision of the State and Government banking laws?"

"Of course," returned the teller.

"Good," murmured the tramp. "What are your assets and liabilities?"

"Our assets," said the teller promptly are 191,784,265.02 dollars. Our liabilities are 91,784,265.01. That leaves us a surplus of one hundred million dollars."

"And who," persisted the shabby one, "is the president of the bank?"

"Carlos Quincy Pierpont Tweek," said the teller.

The tramp displayed a great interest.

"You don't say," he cried. "I've heard a great deal about him. Wasn't his grandfather the founder of this bank?"

"That's right, sir," stated the teller, nodding vigorously.

The tramp appeared satisfied. He dug his hand into his pocket.

"O.K. with me, then," he smiled at the teller. "You can gimme change of this half dollar!"



"Would you mind shaking your beard, sir, I can't find my comb anywhere"

A MAN, having dined very well, caught the last bus home on a wet evening.

"Full up inside, sir," said the conductor.

The prospective passenger fixed him with a glassy but indignant stare.

"Is this information," he asked, "or allegation?"

THE night watchman from the local road-mending squad met a friend.

"Why aren't you at work?" asked his friend.

"Oh," said the watchman, airily. "I've given myself a night off."

"How's that?"

"Well, six nights a week for the past two months I've been watching the council's bomb hole. This morning I got home and found one in my own back garden. So now I'm going into business for myself!"

STRONG liquor was being issued to the Italian troops because the Australians were on the way, and they needed some "dutch courage."

All the troops accepted but one.

"Come on, Giacomo," urged his friend.

"Why don't you have a drink like the rest of us?"

"Not me," replied Giacomo, "it gives me too much courage. I might wait behind when the rest of you are running."

A COMMERCIAL traveller, detained in a village overnight, thought he would have a game of billiards. He went to the local inn and was introduced to a crazy little billiard table and a set of balls of a uniform, dirty-grey colour.

"But how do you tell the red?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the landlord, "you soon get to know them by their shape."

THE schoolmaster was going through the homework of the previous day. He called one of the boys up to his table.

"Jones, how old is your father?" he asked.

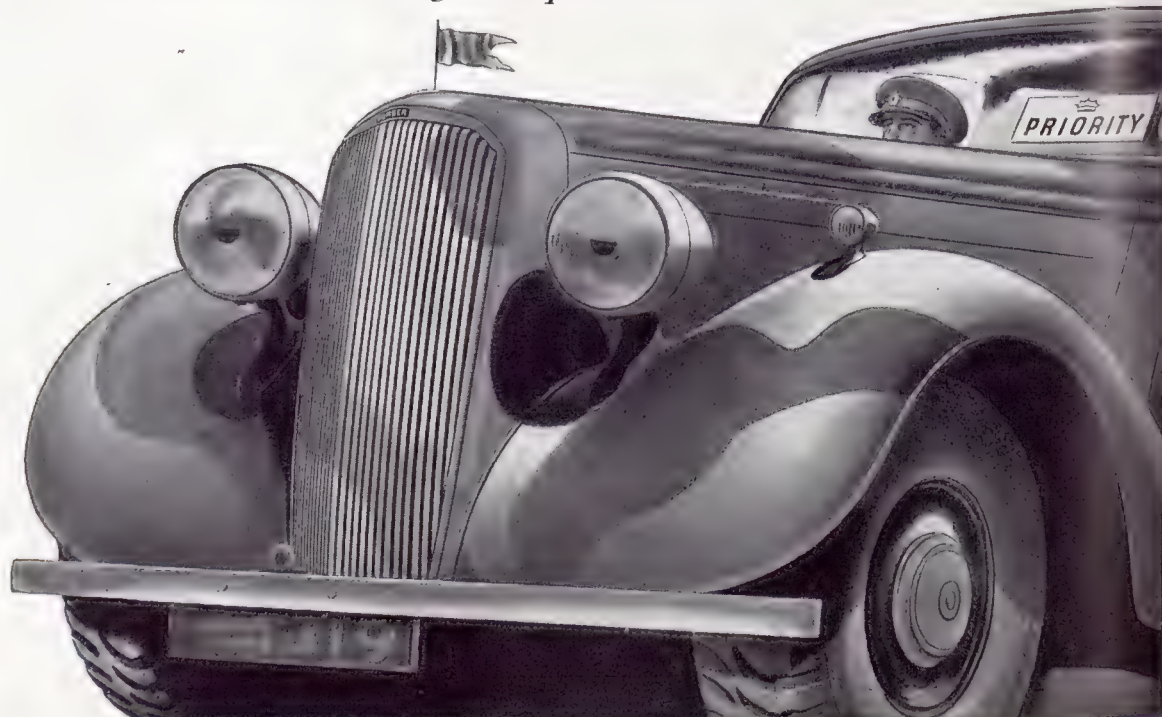
"Forty, sir," replied Jones.

"Well, I must set you homework more suited to his age, I think."

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*In war as in peace*

*the choice of experience . . .*



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Thanks to Votrix you can still enjoy a cocktail. Votrix Vermouth is made from wine produced from the finest Empire grapes and skilfully blended with selected herbs in the traditional way of the best Continental vermouths. The only difference is in the price which is quite a lot less, because of its British origin. There is Votrix Dry or Votrix Sweet corresponding to the formerly imported French and Italian vermouths.

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in war service?"



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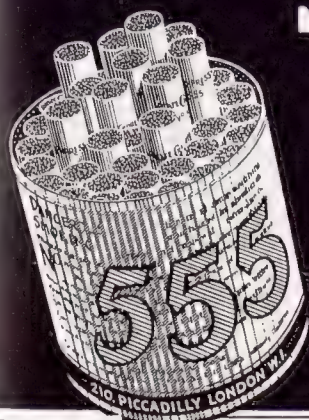


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# Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

WITH the passing of Mrs. T. H. Miller, who founded the Ladies' Golf Union when she was Miss Issette Pearson, the world of women's golf has lost one who was in a unique sense its benefactor. So often those are idle words, applied without full understanding of what is implied. In this case they are literally true. No doubt in due time somebody else might have started some such organisation; but about Mrs. Miller there was not only the big brain, but also the driving power, to get things done even against opposition.

Opposition of course there was. In 1892 the men were derisively opposed to the idea of women playing golf at all, unless some mild form of putting; a year later they may still have scoffed at championship plans, but Miss Pearson rode buoyant over the storm—and triumphed. Energy such as hers brooked few denials.

Nor was it enough to organise, compete and be runner-up the first two years: handicaps on a universal basis were another goal. Hoary tradition has it that, having missed a connexion at some lonely railway junction she espied an adjacent golf course. Its leading light offered herself as opponent for a game, all unknowing the identity of the visitor, took a severe defeat and was completely mystified, since she was rated at several plus and her opponent confessed to a handicap of two. As Miss Pearson went on her way she pondered the question; the need for standardisation was potent, and so the L.G.U. system of handicapping was born.

One of the first women—in spite of her deafness—to drive a car, and equally to crop her hair, she was a typical pioneer, with the pleasures and the difficulties inherent in that position. Nobody of so strong a personality would ever pass unnoticed. You might

worship her, as many did; fear or criticise her as a few did, but be unmindful of her, never. At eighty years of age she had only just ceased to take an active part in golfing affairs. She was an entrant, though not actually a competitor, in the last *Bystander* northern foursomes before the war, and had attended the Ladies' Golf Union dinner in London the preceding February.

What the future of the Ladies' Golf Union may be after victory none may say, but it is easy to hazard a guess that no more astute brain than Mrs. Miller's will soon be behind its activities. Every golfer who values competition golf—and how many thousands those are—is her debtor.

THE long daylight is with us now, and those who can will be very wise to get in such golf as may be within reach. There never was a better game for war workers, even if rated only as a counter-irritant to the trials that beset us. The only essential being an opponent as lacking in practice as oneself and equally determined that everything, from an air shot to a holed chip, is a cause for mirth. What matter if clubs must be borrowed, nailed shoes have been blitzed, hands are soft, muscles either stiff or slack. There is good air to breathe, green turf to walk on, a ball of at least approximate whiteness and rotundity to be hit and, as aforesaid, a pal whose ideas of golf at this moment coincide with your own—a pastime in the literal sense, and no longer a serious business in which "to doubt would be disloyalty; to falter would be sin."

WRITING this in the train, I have just passed West Byfleet, so green and beautiful as it looks, with the fresh foliage of silver birches and the yellow of

gorse bushes. Those are growing, both of them, and the course itself has long outgrown the cheerless title which distinguished the days of its infancy as Bleakdown—in contradistinction to New Zealand, Byfleet a half mile further on. The wind used to sweep across West Byfleet unhindered in those far-off days; there is just pleasant shelter round some of the greens now, though if you hanker to be cosseted rather than braced up you would still seek the seclusion of New Zealand's evenness amongst the pines. But they, in turn, have been cut here and there, giving greater space for the big hitter and more breeze on a stuffy day. Each to his choice, and comparisons we know are odorous. Just now any course appears a thing to be desired.

AND tomorrow I am actually going to play a round—or at least as many holes as soft hands will stand up to. Decapitating dandelions—a useful deed in these digging days—is one thing; striking a ball quite another. But it will be fun, from which my opponent will no doubt get quite as much amusement as I shall, since my last round was played in October 1939. Well, well, we shall see what we shall see.

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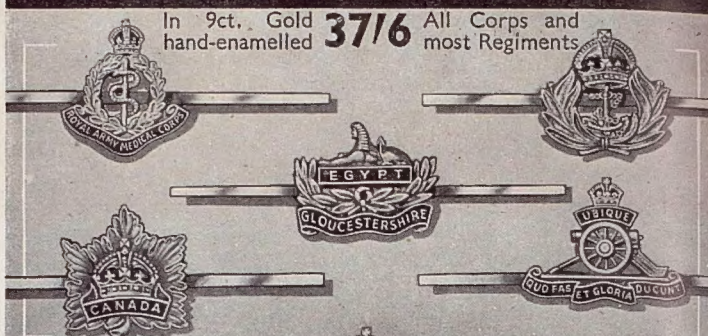
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